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# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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## THE POLITICS OF BEEF

MR. PAUL HOFFMAN'S outraged denunciation of the Anglo-Argentine Trade Pact put into popular language the strictures which Mr. Findletter had expressed more delicately at the farewell dinner in London which the Chancellor gave in his honour. These two men are the outstanding personalities of the E.C.A., the Presidential Agency charged with the task of supervising the European Recovery Programme; and in past months they have been the foremost champions of the British achievements in reconstruction. That they should have been compelled to challenge the Argentine Pact, in such terms, reveals something of the sultry atmosphere on Capitol Hill, where for weeks past a group of Senators has been seeking for some excuse to cut this year's Marshall dollars, and is now jubilantly shouting at the harassed E.C.A. officials: "We told you so!"

Nothing is gained by trying to minimise the gravity of the conflict or the size of the gulf which divides British and American trade policies. It is the self-same deep-seated conflict of interest which first paralysed the negotiations for the American Loan and then, through the insertion of the ill-fated convertibility clauses, largely nullified its effectiveness. For the past eighteen months this conflict has been driven underground by the strategic need for Western unity. The first *détente* in the East-West struggle was bound once again to bring it to the surface and to reveal the differences between the purposes of the donor and the recipients of Marshall Aid.

The American case against Britain is simple enough. The purpose of Marshall Aid, it runs, was to shore up Western Europe against Communism with the ultimate objective of recreating a free trade area, co-terminous with the area of political freedom. Democracy and multilateralism, in the American philosophy, are indivisible. This ultimate objective was accepted by Sir Stafford Cripps, when he signed the Charter of the International Trade Organisation. It was conceded by Washington that multilateral trade could not be restored all at once; and that certain short-term bilateral arrangements between countries, where dollars are scarce, would have to be winked at. But the Anglo-Argentinian trade agreement is a grandiose piece of long-term bulk barter, which threatens to exclude American business interests from an important market. If Britain signs that agreement—and the U.S.A. tolerates it—the Labour Government will be free to build up the sterling area, as a third currency block, by methods not so very different from those which Dr. Hjelmar Schacht used in the 1930s to save Germany from bankruptcy. And this, concludes the angry American argument, was not the purpose of Marshall Aid.

Extra force is given to the American case by the signs that the recession is degenerating into a slump. American business men, with the home customer rebelliously refusing to obey the advertisers' injunctions, are taking a new interest in export markets. The oil men, for instance, always a most important lobby in Washington, are faced with an unexpected surplus of supply over demand and the threat of a price-slashing war. They are not going to consent very easily to an inter-Governmental deal under which the whole Argentinian market may be collared by Shell, whose Venezuelan oilfields are being developed with dollars borrowed in New York! Such complaints are being expressed in the bitterest language, and in American terms they are reasonable enough.

But so is the British justification for the Pact. While no-one in London disputes that ideally—particularly for a country which relies on exports—multilateralism is preferable to bilateralism, it is equally clear that multilateralism is unattainable so long as the chief creditor country retains a high tariff policy and so creates a dollar famine. Countries which are desperately short of dollars—as Britain and Argentina both are—and yet have goods which they can profitably exchange, cannot be expected to starve for the sake of an abstract principle which the U.S.A. itself shows no signs of putting into practice. Above all, Britain—with the dollar gap increasing alarmingly—is bound to take measures to shelter herself from the blast of the American recession. The Argentinian Pact is one such measure of self-defence. It aims at ensuring meat supplies for five years and providing steady employment for a number of important export industries which are beginning to feel the stringency of a buyers' market. Britain does not support bilateralism on principle but has had recourse to it as a necessity of survival.

When the two arguments in terms of national interest are so well balanced, what should British policy be? One thing is certain. If we want the Pact, it is a grievous mistake to postpone the signature because of the row on Capitol Hill. There is no hope of placating its American opponents by minor modifications. Hesitation now will merely whet their appetite. If the Government is convinced that Washington has got to swallow this pill, then the best course is to push it as quickly as possible down the American throat. After all, other similar bilateral Pacts are in preparation—one, for instance, of the greatest importance, with the Soviet Union. Unless the first dose of bilateralism is firmly administered, each of its successors will meet with increasing resistance. And if Congress threatens that this means the end of Marshall Aid, it is better to call that particular bluff now rather than to wait until 1952. We find it difficult to believe that the strategic and political interests of the U.S.A. will be jeopardized so easily as some Senators are now suggesting, for the sake of a long-term economic principle and a number of strident pressure groups. For Britain, are risks in firmness, of course, but there are far greater ultimate risks in vacillation.

## The Crime of Titoism

If the Paris agreement means, as we hope, a relaxation of tension between East and West, then the European conflict now passes into the more exacting but less explosive phase of economic competition. In this race, as Mr. Basil Davidson shows in his examination of "Eastern Union" this week, Communism has great advantages. Communism has both a philosophy of integration and a weapon of coercion. It is Moscow's brutal use of this weapon against her satellites that causes tension in Eastern Europe. After the destruction of all bourgeois parties, there comes the turn of any nationally minded Communists. No independent critics are allowed. Mr. Rajk, who as Minister of Interior and then Foreign Secretary has been one of the half-dozen rulers of Hungary since the end of the war, is the latest addition to the growing list of prominent and able men who have been demoted, purged, disgraced or shot behind the Iron Curtain since the outbreak of the quarrel between Moscow and Belgrade. Mr. Rajk's disgrace has been accompanied by the arrest of Mr. Szonyi, another prominent Communist leader, and eighteen supposed partners in crime who are accused of espionage for a foreign Power. The formal charges in such cases are of no interest. Everyone knows that the real offences of the accused are their "nationalist tendencies," sometimes even amounting to "anti-Sovietism." No one who has met Mr. Gomulka, late Chief of the Polish Communist Party and Vice-Premier of the Government, doubts either the sincerity or the toughness of his Communism, nor does anyone doubt that the real crimes of Mr. Kostov, formerly Vice-President of Bulgaria, or General Markos or Mr. Dzodze, the Albanian Communist leader who has just been executed, were their objection to the increasing domination of their country and their national party by the Soviet Union. How is it possible for men who have spent their lives (often largely in jail) in struggling first against tyrants of their own nationality and then against the Germans, to help sympathising with Tito when he says in effect that though he is as good a Communist as anyone in the Kremlin, he intends to maintain a measure of national independence for Yugoslav Communism?

## Britain and China

The bombing of the *Anchises* by Nationalist planes proves that the Kuomintang rump is as irresponsible in its policy towards foreign Powers as it has been with its own nationals. This "absolutely unwarranted" attack on a British liner is a grave breach of international law, and the British Government is taking the only line it could take in lodging an immediate protest and reserving the right to demand full compensation. But the important lesson to learn from this incident—and, if the Kuomintang carries out its threat of blockade, this is only the beginning—is that the sooner the realities of a Communist China are faced the better it will be for foreign Powers and their interests in China. Mao Tse-tung has already announced that "New China" is willing to establish diplomatic relations with foreign countries which sever relations with the Chiang Kai-shek regime. Such relations would be "on the footing of equality and the basis of mutual benefit and mutual respect for sovereignty and territorial integrity." He also announced a Consultative Conference in Peiping in August which will plan a People's Democratic Republic and a democratic Coalition Government. He told the Chinese people—and the world as well—that the "reactionary imperialists" would use every method to frustrate "New China"; the test of the sincerity of foreign Powers to co-operate would be their willingness to break with the Kuomintang. Already people in Western areas not yet occupied by the Communists are refusing to pay rice-taxes to the Government, whilst provinces in the North-West have increasingly slender links with the Nationalist leaders. Expediency as well as principle demands a break with the Kuomintang and a statement by the British Government, in conjunction with other Governments, of a willingness to recognise the "New China."

## The Coal Board's Report

It would be difficult to imagine, after reading the voluminous Annual Report for 1948 issued by the National Coal Board, that the mining industry is faced to-day with grave problems of declining man-power and industrial unrest arising from the deep dissatisfaction in the coalfields at the type of control exercised over the industry. The impression which the Report endeavours to convey is that "We," the Board, are doing very well, and that all that is needed is that "They," the miners, should co-operate more fully and contribute greater efforts to production. It is true that, so far as last year's results are concerned, the N.C.B. can point to considerable progress. Production rose by 5½ per cent.; there was an appreciable improvement in absenteeism and in output per manshift; and an operating loss on the collieries of £9 millions in 1947 was turned into an operating profit of over £16 millions. This financial recovery, of course, was due to an increase of practically 7s. per ton in the price charged for coal; but, though the average cost of production per ton was about 4s. 3d. higher than in the previous year, the upward curve of costs had started to flatten out towards the end of 1948, and has since begun to decline, as the result of higher productivity. In the achievement of these results, the Board legitimately claims credit for the part that management has played in improving the layout and organisation of some collieries and in progressive mechanisation.

## The Missing Factor

The question remains why the Board has failed to win the confidence of the miners. In part, the answer may be found in the extremely disingenuous section of the Report which endeavours, most unconvincingly, to argue that the Board has established an effective system for joint consultation, whereas it is the almost unanimous opinion of the miners that the consultative committees are a frustrating farce. In part, too, the delays in expanding the provision of pithead baths, which the Report does nothing to explain, may have contributed to suspicions of the N.C.B.'s attitude towards miners' welfare. But there can be little doubt that the main factor in dissipating the spirit of goodwill which infused the miners on Vesting Day has been the failure of the Board to formulate its "National Plan" for the reconstruction of the industry. A lengthy section of the Report is devoted to an explanation of the difficulties involved in such planning; and they cannot be brushed aside. To this, the most important part of the Report, we hope to devote more attention in a later issue. Here we would merely observe that the Board's pleading tends to confirm the view that capital development—on which, with a declining labour force, increased production depends—is being held up, as the miners suspect, until circumstances have arisen in which wages can be reduced and schemes for development become accordingly more "justifiable." The nationalised coal industry will never be a success so long as the N.C.B. approaches its problems from such a traditional capitalist standpoint and fails to take the miners more fully into its confidence.

## The Government and the Railways

Now that the unofficial strikes and "go-slows" have been suspended for the time being, the railway negotiations have been resumed. The Railway Executive is prepared to make some improvement on the offer which was turned down by the three unions; but it still seems to be thinking in terms of special concessions to the lower grades rather than a general wage increase. The main difficulty is to find any rational basis for calculating what the railways can "afford" to pay. If they had not been nationalised, one at least of the Big Four would now be in the receiver's hands. Indeed, the Government might have been wiser to wait a couple of years—until they all got into grave difficulties—and then purchase them for a knock-down price. As it is, the nation has acquired the railways at a price far above their real value, and the Railway Executive is set the impossible task of earning £30,000,000 a year, with which to pay the interest on the new stock, and at the same time giving a square deal to the railway user and the railway employee. In negotiating with the unions, therefore, the Railway Executive is not master in its own house. It is acting as an agent for the Transport Commission which itself is in almost equal difficulties, since only the Cabinet can decide how much of the very large profits made on road haulage shall be used to subsidise railway wages; what period shall be set for the process of unification, which is to make the transport system a paying concern; and finally, what deficit shall be permitted during this period in order to give the railwaymen a decent wage. There is a real danger that, owing to a natural desire to avoid intervention, the Government will refuse to shoulder its responsibilities. If this happens, the chances of a national strike will be considerably increased.

## "Free" Imports from Western Europe?

The reported, but as yet officially unpublished, proposal that Great Britain should grant open licences for the importation of a wide range of West European manufactures runs directly counter to the ban on trade discrimination which forms part of the American Loan Agreement, as well as the Geneva Trade Charter. Nevertheless, the Americans connected with E.C.A. are said to favour it as part of a wider plan for liberating trade exchanges within the Marshall Aid area. Whether the American Congress will take the same view is more doubtful, even if the other difficulties in the way can be overcome. The most formidable of these is the right of Belgium to convert into dollars any sterling balances accumulated in Brussels beyond a fixed amount; and, of course, similar difficulties would arise if it were proposed to include Switzerland. One purpose behind the British proposal is said to be the encouragement of competitive imports from abroad as a spur to British producers to bring down prices; but presumably the main motive is to offer some contribution towards the liberalisation of inter-European trade without putting an additional strain on the dollar exchange. The whole proposal would become unworkable were the Americans to insist, in connection with it, on their right under the Loan Agreement to most-favoured-nation treatment. Nor could it easily go through without some modification of the present Belgian-British agreement, unless the Americans were prepared to provide the dollars which Belgium would become able to demand under it.

## Consequences of Signor de Gasperi

The Italian Government of Signor De Gasperi, increasingly clerical and conservative, is beginning to reap the consequences of its refusal to carry through radical reforms. The persistence of high unemployment and under-employment—to a total of not much less than three millions—is one clear sign of this. Confirmation of power in the hands of the big employers has meant the general stifling of initiative outside the larger corporations; Signor Einaudi's deflation has done the rest. Last year, for instance, there were nearly three times as many bankruptcies in the first six months as in the same period of 1947. Another clear indication of social *malaise* is the latest outbreak of labour unrest among the poor peasants of the Po Valley, of Central Italy, and of Puglia in the South. The Government has made some attempt to deal with this. Signor Fanfani, the Minister of Agriculture, has intervened in favour of a negotiated settlement—only to find the employers "adamantly opposed" to concessions. Having had things all their own way during the past few years—and especially since the great anti-Left victory of the elections of April, 1948, the employers, both in industry and agriculture, are evidently confident of being able to remain undisputed masters of the situation. It is paradoxical that their position should be stronger to-day—after the overthrow of Fascism, the popular uprisings of 1945, and the proclamations in favour of structural reform which all parties supported after the war—than it was in the years after 1918. This remarkable achievement in the underpinning of an outworn and inefficient edifice of society is the principal triumph of Marshall Aid in Italy. But even the Americans, by the latest news, are getting rather tired of such resolute conservatism. They have wanted Signor De Gasperi and the Christian Democrats to give them something efficient as well as anti-Communist. Now they are finding, to their evident annoyance, that they have got the second but not the first.

## After the Conference

Our Paris correspondent writes: On Monday, before the Four-Power communiqué was officially issued, the Paris evening papers came out with huge banner headlines, saying: "END OF THE COLD WAR." Is the result as good as all that? Only a few hours later, just as Mr. Acheson and M. Schuman were commenting at press conferences on the communiqué, there came a little war-of-nerves skirmish from Mr. Vyshinsky, who suddenly, on instructions from Moscow, announced that he needed another meeting of the Big Four—even though the communiqué was already about to be issued, and Mr. Bevin and Mr. Acheson were in a hurry to catch their respective train and plane. The question Vyshinsky raised at the hastily summoned stop-press meeting was merely a technical matter concerning Austrian payments. Finally, this was referred to the deputies, and the Russians stated to bewildered reporters that "the communiqué stands."

The agreement is to be welcomed mainly in the sense that the alternative would be worse. While the principle of a *modus vivendi* in Germany is admitted (this, in turn, implying the recognition, on both sides, of the *de facto* partition of Germany, at least until further notice), no tangible shape is really given to this *modus vivendi*. No central economic body which would, under Allied supervision, co-ordinate and organise the economic relations between East and West has been formed, and, in this matter, the Conference has done little more than pass the buck to the occupation authorities, in the hope that "they will work to expand trade," etc., "between the two parts of the country and the two parts of the city"; that they will "try" to normalise life in Berlin, and so on. They "may" ask German experts or organisations to assist, especially in trade matters. All this is miserably vague, and it is scarcely surprising that the reactions already reported from Berlin are unfavourable. The communiqué, indeed, begins with an admission that the Four Powers failed to agree on the political *and economic* unity of Germany. Whether the occupation authorities will be successful in elaborating, with the help of the Germans themselves, something resembling economic unity only time can show. Past experience is not encouraging; but, as against this, there will be a growing need for the East to import and for the West to export. This ordinary, commonsense factor may help.

The blockade of Berlin is "definitely" lifted, but American commentators in Berlin are not entirely reassured, and speak of "little blockades," "indirect blockades," and the like. Considerable distrust clearly continues to exist on both sides, and it is not at all certain that the cold war will now come to an end. There are the strongest economic reasons why America should continue it, and perhaps also some strong political reasons why the Russians should. A slight—but only a slight—*détente* is, however, likely to result, especially if some progress, however small, is made by the occupation authorities in following up the "agreement in principle" of the Big Four.

Altogether, this sixth meeting of the Foreign Ministers was just a little bit better than the other five, the last of which ended in a complete "bust-up"; and, if the main purpose of the Russians, in asking for this meeting, was to revive the Council as an institution, to even a small extent, then they have succeeded. It makes war less likely when this little Big Four ball is kept rolling, no matter how unsteadily.

And then there is Austria; and here, in the opinion of even the most critical observers—some real progress has been made—though here again it must be emphasised that nothing has been finally settled, and Monday's last-minute hitch over the Austrian reparations payments was like a warning that the Russians might always find some good reason for not signing the Austrian treaty if it does not suit them. The point is that the Russians have never been keen on signing the Austrian agreement until they are fairly satisfied that Germany is no longer an *acute* problem. It may be safely prophesied that, unless the principle of the *modus vivendi* in Germany is given some practical shape between now and the autumn, the signing of the Austrian treaty may be delayed for considerably longer than most people think.

Much has, of course, been made in the press of the Russians making their agreement on Austria "at Tito's expense"; and this, up to a point, is true. But it would be unwise to attach too much importance to Russia's decision to abandon Yugoslavia's territorial claims on Austria; in the past, she supported these claims merely as a bargaining counter, and even at the Moscow Conference in 1947 Mr. Bevin was certain that the one thing the Russians would abandon sooner or later was these Yugoslav claims on Carinthia. It is another slap in the face for Tito, all the same, and may well hasten Yugoslavia's political "reorientation"—geographically, an odd misnomer.

## PARLIAMENT: Happy Holiday

*Wednesday*

In politics as in other respects, it's the first infidelity that counts; the rest is habit. No one was surprised, therefore, that the National Liberals, their Liberalism long betrayed, hoping for many years of Parliamentary sin with the Tories, should have voted against the Government even on the question of the tourist trade. Does the waiter trail a thumb in the soup? Do boarding-house slums ferment on the sea's very edge? We blame the Government, said the critics, and call on it to take all possible action, short of interfering with the hotel-keepers, landladies, caterers and raree-showers in our constituencies.

Harold Wilson was kind to Butcher who opened the debate, when he described his speech as "very fair and uncontroversial." Labour Members, taken aback by the Minister's excessive courtesy towards Butcher's prolonged nag, called out "No." But they welcomed the rest of Wilson's speech, which showed how much the Government was doing to clean-up and civilise the tourist trade. An underlying interest of the debate was how to attract dollar-spending travellers. Several speakers made the important point that there were many middle-class people from overseas, unable to afford luxury travel, who would like to stay in medium-priced hotels, provided that the accommodation was bright, fresh and clean.

Recommending the development of this trade, Wilson gave the hotel-keepers a few precepts on how to win dollars and yet keep friends. He was reinforced later by John Haire with the proposal that Britain as a nation should become more Swiss-minded. Although one Member grumbled that he saw no reason why a nation of shopkeepers should now become a nation of waiters, there was wide agreement that, if tourism was to become a national industry, the Government and the caterers must regard the visitor's comfort as a prime concern.

But how? More food, more petrol, more lights, were some of the suggestions for the foreigner's entertainment. With most of these ideas there was the technical as well as the social difficulty of discriminating in favour of overseas visitors in time of shortage. When Henderson Stewart, another National Liberal, was urging that foreigners should be able to get more expensive meals in restaurants, Blackburn asked him how he would arrange it. Stewart couldn't reply; and Blackburn, who earlier in the day had already been dissatisfied by Winterton's qualified withdrawal of a charge affecting his constituency, completed his day's dissatisfaction by calling "Answer!" in vain.

Two of the more exotic suggestions for brightening Britain came from Shackleton and Mack. Shackleton wanted "motels" in the American manner. (His idea regurgitated as a streamer—*Cabin Camps for Car Tourists. Stop Off in the New Forest. We Fix Flats, Too*). Mack wanted pleasure-gardens up to the gates of Buckingham Palace, and a bit of the Folies-Bergère. His speech was notable in that its crowd-scenes were now peopled with milling Americans, his friendly Bulgars now taking, apparently, a brief back-seat.

The more serious question of the Catering Wages Act was raised by Roland Robinson, one of the Blackpool Members. The Act provides hotel and restaurant workers with protection against the unregulated pre-war methods of employment. The exhausted chambermaid, the pallid waiter and the porter, always half-asleep because he rarely gets the chance of sleeping properly, are no longer as prevalent as they were. But there are difficulties. A porter who has done his shift till, say, eleven o'clock may require half-an-hour's wage to open the door at eleven fifteen. Yet, apart from the landladies' spokesmen, most Members felt it worth while to endure the Act's anomalies in order to give dignity and security to catering workers.

The Debate was wound up by Arthur Bottomley, the Secretary for Overseas Trade. No Minister could more effectively advertise in his person the benefits of a stay in Britain. With his healthy complexion, Bottomley was eminent even among the psychomatic complexions of the seaside M.P.s who had turned up in force for the Debate.

MAURICE EDELMAN

# POPULATION POLICY

After its five years' inquiry, the Royal Commission on Population has presented a report which is at once unsensational and eminently sensible. Its statistical conclusions lend no support to the gloomy forecasts of a catastrophic decline in population with which some experts harrowed us during the 1930s. We are not, it is true, having quite enough children to reproduce ourselves, but the deficiency is comparatively small. If there were a further fall of, say, 20 per cent. in the average size of families (recently showing signs of stability round a figure of 2.2), then, in 30 years' time, the population would begin to decline, and in the next century the fall would become fairly rapid. If, however, the family size remains constant, we may look for a population "peak" of nearly 51 millions in 1977, followed by a modest decline of less than 2 millions up to the end of the century and a further fall of 3.4 millions in the ensuing 40 years.

On the face of it, the consequences of "doing nothing about it" are not hair-raising; for the Commission adduces no evidence which suggests that a further fall in average family size is probable. Indeed, the report concludes that, not merely is there no case for any further substantial expansion of the population of this crowded island, but in certain (as yet unpredictable) circumstances—*e.g.* an irremediable worsening in the terms of trade—an actual decline in numbers might have something to be said for it. The objection is that such a decline would accentuate the already inescapable difficulty involved in an ageing population, and would tend to create a "slow process of weakening," political and psychological, in the community—apart from leaving no margin for emigration on a scale sufficient to prevent the size of the British element in the Commonwealth from diminishing. For these reasons, though it wisely refrains from any suggestion that young married people should be encouraged to "breed imperially," or to bear in mind the nation's possible need for future cannon-fodder, the Commission is unanimous in recommending that the general aim of population policy should be to maintain the replacement level by endeavouring to secure an average of 24 children in every 10 families instead of the actual average of 22. On the basis of the present trend towards falling mortality, this would result, if there were no emigration, in an increase of numbers to about 52 millions by the end of the century, after which the size of population would remain stable.

How is this modest enlargement of families to be achieved? On no account, in the Commission's view, must it be sought at the expense of quality or by involuntary parenthood. Noting that the average size of family of professional and administrative workers is about 1.6, while that of general labourers is more than double this figure, the Commission admits to being impressed by the weight of expert evidence that in this differential birth-rate there is an inherent tendency towards lowering the average level of innate intelligence of the nation. Logically, therefore, the report includes the sound recommendation that the giving of advice on contraception to married persons who want it should be accepted as a duty of the National Health Service, and that all restrictions on the giving of such advice by public authority clinics should be removed. If, however, birth control is generally and very properly accepted as an essential factor in the healthy social life of the contemporary community, it is equally vital to face the fact that the further probable spread of the practice of deliberate family limitation must be offset by making the conditions for parenthood—at any rate up to the three-child family size—more favourable.

The Commission argues convincingly that, in relation to parenthood, the development of our social policy has become lopsided: expenditure upon old-age pensions is reckoned in hundreds of millions and that on children's allowances in terms of millions; and at every stage of income the parents of families are severely handicapped—in housing, in "free" spending money and in the enjoyment of leisure—in comparison with childless couples. Gradually, as the Commission recommends, family welfare services—home helps, day nurseries, assisted holidays and so forth—may, and certainly should, be developed; but this is a long-range target. The immediate need, as this journal has long argued, is for a revision of family allowances and income-tax relief. The Commission recommends that the rate of free allowance under the Family Allowance Act should be increased forthwith to 7*s.* a week, and for children of 11 years or over to 10*s.* a week, subject to the exclusion of the *youngest* child of the family; and that, when financial conditions permit, the limitation which excludes one child in each family should be removed. It further recommends that these cash allowances should be exempt from income-tax, and that the deduction made from income chargeable to income-tax for each dependent child should be on a sliding scale. The minimum would be £60 as now; but one-tenth of earned income up to £1,000, plus one-twentieth of earned income in excess of £1,000, would be deductible, subject to a maximum deduction of £150 for each child. It is questionable whether this revision of income-tax would be sufficient to solve completely the problem of education costs in middle-class family budgets; and Mrs. Jay, in a Note of Reservation with which we hope to deal more fully in a later issue, urges the complete abolition of private fees in the educational system. Nevertheless we regard these recommendations as essential if we are to have any considered policy aimed at the improvement qualitatively of the population, or even the actual maintenance of existing numbers. Indeed, as the Commission rightly emphasises, the proposed tax reform, irrespective of demographic arguments, would do no more than provide "bare fiscal justice" to parents long overtaxed.

Can we hope to see these financial proposals implemented in next year's Budget? Unfortunately, the Commission does not give any estimate of their total cost. The revision in the family allowance scale would involve expenditure of £37 millions; and the increased income-tax allowances for children might cost considerably more. Faced with the knowledge that, even if there is no future fall in mortality, the cost to the Exchequer of old-age pensions will rise during the next 30 years from £238 million to over £500 million, the Chancellor may be inclined to argue that he cannot afford any substantial alleviation of present burdens on parenthood—particularly since the decline (which cannot now be avoided) in the proportion of active workers of the total population may tend to make total tax revenue less buoyant. If that argument be accepted—and it has to be remembered that old-age pensioners have votes and form an influential pressure group—then there is an end to any idea of a more balanced social policy in relation to parenthood and population. If compensating economies cannot be secured in the present inflated cost of Defence—a conclusion which we do not accept—then the Labour Party will have to choose between having recourse to levies on capital and so re-angling expenditure on social services, including particularly consumer subsidies, as to discriminate more positively in favour of parenthood.

# EASTERN UNION

Old Moore may not have mentioned it, but the validity of one particular forecast is confirmed from sources as far apart as Wall Street and the wheat plains of Hungary. What is now going to decide the "ideological issue" in Europe—short of war—is the size and regularity of the wage packet over the next few years, and not the multiplication of military bases or the perfection of long-range bombs and bombers. As the Governor of a national bank in Scandinavia put it in conversation lately: "People used to think that unemployment dropped from heaven; but they know better nowadays. They know where it comes from, and this is what counts."

Today both "systems," East and West—that of O.E.E.C. and that of the Cominform's Mutual Aid Council—are running level in the limited sense of having completed the main work of reconstruction back to pre-war levels. In most European countries the principal industries are now re-equipped to their condition of 1939 and, with improved technique, have regained rather more than this capacity. Yet the competition for stability and improved welfare is one which imposes heavy handicaps upon the Eastern countries, burdened as they are with the legacies of long neglect and primitive administration. In the political terms of 1939, the West would soon forge far ahead. The terms, however, are greatly changed; for, in the testing period of new construction which now begins, the Eastern countries are engaged upon the massive labour of transforming a number of relatively backward countries, each with a tradition of chauvinist hatred for its neighbours, into one closely integrated and inter-dependent area of planned production and distribution. It is accepted by their Governments, as any leading pronouncement of the past few years would show, that there is ultimately no other means of progressive expansion, no other method of catching up with and out-pacing Western capitalism. But can it be done?

We know now that the main target date for Eastern Europe is approximately 1955. This is the year, broadly speaking, in which the preparatory construction plans come to an end, the year when the laying of "foundations for the building of Socialism" should reach completion. The Polish six-year plan will end in 1955; so will the Hungarian five-year plan; others—and above all the next five-year plan of the Soviet Union—may also be expected to end at about this time. Production in all these countries should then be running at levels far above those of today—and these, in their turn, are mostly higher than they were in 1939. Even if things work out no more than fairly well, a reasonable supply of manufactured goods will become available in Eastern Europe for the first time since the industrial revolution. A long step towards economic integration may thereafter become possible.

There is probably little real scope for the sinking and merging of economic sovereignties until these plans are more or less fulfilled in 1955. So

far, during the period of reconstruction back to the 1939 level, exchanges between the Eastern countries have proceeded along fairly rigid lines of barter. These exchanges, be it said, are already much higher than before the war. The trade of the Soviet Union and the East European countries, amongst each other, is already twice as large by volume as in 1939; and exchanges between these countries, excluding the U.S.S.R., is now half their total foreign trade (in volume), compared with one-fifth in 1939. While East European trade with the U.S.S.R. is not yet as large as its former trade with Germany and Austria, exports to the Soviet Union are already ten times greater by volume than in 1939, and imports from the Soviet Union 25 times greater. The refusal of the Americans to export capital goods to Eastern Europe and the difficulty in obtaining these from Britain have had their share in promoting this expansion.

Each country is building new industries; many of these industries, since so much remains to be done, are intended to manufacture the same things. There nevertheless emerges the clear intention to resist tendencies towards national autarky—whether they be called Titoism or something else—and to plan for this area from the Baltic to the Black Sea as an economic whole. A good illustration of this highly challenging concept, and of the way in which its practical realisation is being prepared, is to be found in the arrangements for joint planning already concluded between Poland and Czechoslavakia.

The Council for Polish-Czechoslovak Economic Co-operation was founded in July, 1947. Since then it has held several meetings and produced a series of agreements on joint planning, foreign trade, investment, transport, and the exchange of economic information. These agreements reveal one central and salient feature. They all aim in one way or another at the eventual treatment of Poland and Czechoslovakia as an integrated economic unit. They provide that there shall be an increasingly large division of labour between the two countries, each concentrating upon the development of those industries for which its resources, existing skills, natural aptitude, and the accidents of history appear to have best prepared it. Programmes of joint investment are being worked out. During the next five years, for example, the Poles are to order from Czechoslovakia a total of 155,000,000 dollars' worth of capital goods, mainly against Polish raw materials and food. By the end of 1948 Poland had already placed over two-thirds of these orders; the greater part of Czech deliveries are scheduled for 1951 and 1952.

Where these arrangements best reveal their further purpose of economic integration, however, is in their treatment of power and transport. They aim at the patient building, for a start, of joint lines of communication and sources of power supply, especially for the adjacent industrial areas of Silesia and Moravia; and to that end the Polish-Czech planners have taken a number of startling decisions. Their main achievement in the pooling of power resources is an agreement signed in August, 1948, for the building of a joint power station of 150 megawatts near Oswiecim to serve the Silesian-Moravian industrial basin. The Czechs will pay half the cost of the station which is to be completed in 1952 (others are to follow), and will receive power from it to the equivalent of 300,000 tons of Polish coal a year which would otherwise have to be sent by rail. Existing electric grid systems are to be unified and much expanded. So are the gas, transport, and telephone facilities of the whole Silesian-Moravian basin, where the coal industry, furthermore, is to be worked by a joint administration.

Next in importance to power is the unification and expansion of transport services. With these arrangements the Czechs have at last reached the sea and intend to build a maritime fleet. The Poles have leased them a free zone in the port of Szczecin (Stettin), at the mouth of the Oder, for which the Czechs will provide the necessary port facilities and installations and the Poles will guarantee road and rail transport, water, sewage, and electrical services as far as the zonal boundary. Czech transport on the Oder is being looked after by the formation of a Czechoslovak navigation company for that river; this company is to be entered on the Polish register of commerce and the Poles will grant it the right to convey goods—for Czechoslovakia and for third parties—on the Oder and its canals and tributaries for a period of 30 years.

Supplementing this agreement, plans are already well advanced for the improvement of navigation along the whole length of the river, and, much more important, for the immediate driving of a canal to join the upper reaches of the Oder with the Danube at Derwin near Bratislava. Preliminary surveys give this canal an overall length of just under 200 miles and suggest that it will be built in two stages: from the Oder at Kozle to Vitkovice in the Ostrava coal basin, and thence by way of the Moravian Gate to the Danube. The canal is to carry vessels up to 1,000 tons. This linking of Bratislava with the sea should later prove of great interest to Hungary and Austria.

It is too early to say how fast and far this integration may go. The Poles and Czechs are well ahead of any of their neighbours. Developments elsewhere are said to be disappointingly slow, and this slowness may explain why the Mutual Aid Council was formed even before the basic construction plans began. But the intention is clear enough, and the potential gains—in avoiding autarkic competition, in broadening and freeing the East European market, and in making efficient use of resources—are obviously enormous. The general direction, in spite of many great obstacles, a good deal of old-fashioned Balkan suspicion, and quarrels over trends towards national autarky such as that with Yugoslavia, is set firmly towards flexible integration. Can the same be said of the West?

BASIL DAVIDSON

## DOCTORS' PARLIAMENT

THE "Doctors' Parliament"—the annual representative meeting of the British Medical Association—is now in session at Harrogate. A year ago the doctors' counter-offensive, in the shape of the B.M.A. plebiscite, nearly halted the National Health Service. To-day, at the end of the first year of the Service, the doctors have an opportunity to exercise real statesmanship and, by their experience and wisdom, to help constructively to advance this great social experiment. In their trade union capacity they will, of course, be jealous and critical of "wages and conditions," but in their medico-political discussions they ought now to transcend personal and party spite. Even the die-hards of the profession cannot fail to realise that the National Health Service is no longer a party-political issue. Even if the Tories were to win the next election, they would never revoke, or tamper with, the principles or provisions of the Service. Retrenchment could only be at the expense of the doctors and of the facilities for treatment, the limitations of which they now deplore. The doctors, therefore, in their own interests, must make the Service work.

A year is a brief span in the life of such a scheme. Indeed, even the well-wishers of the Service can marvel with the Select Committee on Estimates that "the scheme is settling down with surprisingly little friction." That certainly would not have been expected from the blusterings of the B.M.A. a year ago. Then it looked as though the scheme would be frustrated by the reluctance of the family doctors, resentful at being coralled. There was a misgiving that the public would be slow to join the scheme and that, in any event, the middle-classes would boycott it. How differently things have turned out! There are 24,000 general practitioners in Britain for a population of 50,000,000. To make the scheme work the Minister had to recruit 19,000 family doctors. He got 20,600, or 86 per cent. of the country's total. So well did the "Doctors' Rebellion" advertise the Appointed Day—July 5, 1948—that 95 per cent. of the population registered from the inception.

Then the prophets predicted endless trouble over the hospitals. The Act had "expropriated" the voluntary hospitals and had "outraged" the local authorities by removing from them the municipal hospitals, in which, since their emancipation from the Poor Law, they had taken growing pride. Local loyalties and disinterested service would (we were told) disappear in the impersonal bureaucracy of the Regional Boards. Again, how differently things have turned out! The 14 Boards and the 376 Hospital Management Committees, running 3,426 hospitals, were immediately manned by unpaid volunteers.

Conspicuous weaknesses of the scheme have been mainly in the ancillary services. The demand for spectacles was grossly under-estimated. The budget was for £2,330,000; the cost has been £14,970,000. Over 7,000,000 spectacles were demanded, and the cost per pair (including sight-testing) turned out to be 65s. 6d., instead of the 45s. under the old National Health Insurance. The delays are even more serious than the cost.

The Dental Service was a "botch." The fault does not rest entirely on the planners. There are only 9,000 dentists for Britain's 50,000,000. Obviously, on dental man-power alone, the Service could not hope to be comprehensive, except in name. All the Ministry could hope was that the public would be as shy of dentists as the jokes made out. Not so. The patients crowded into the surgeries. Those 9,000 dentists will collect on present estimates £30,904,000, compared with the £45,800,000 available for the 20,600 family doctors. Perhaps when dentists can practise conservation instead of excavation, and four out of every ten patients no longer need plates, we shall write-off these initial outlays as compensation for the past neglect of mouth-health in this country.

Medicines, too, cost £5,000,000 more than the estimates, and the Select Committee wants additional safeguards against wasteful prescription. One hopes that the B.M.A. conference will consider this as a matter of professional ethics. It should maintain the right of doctors to prescribe whatever the patient requires; but it is so easy for a doctor to "fall for" the latest proprietary drug, with well-canvassed virtues, when shrewder diagnosis and the pharmacopœa would serve even better. And, while doctors may complain that they are besieged by patients who merely want their aspirins and aperients "on Mr. Bevan," it is their opportunity to help to check the self-medication they have long properly deplored.

Then there is Sir Waldron Smithers' pet aversion—the confounded foreigner who comes to this country just for free wigs, artificial limbs, dental plates, spectacles and pills. This com-

plaint is absurdly exaggerated. The notorious toupees can be obtained only in extreme cases (mainly women) where the baldness is so disfiguring as to exclude them from jobs or normal society. And, for the rest, no visitor is going to queue for six months for a dental plate or a pair of spectacles. There are few known abuses, and the simple fact is that it is administratively less expensive to treat the visitors who want free service than to create machinery to exclude them.

In spite of everything—including the sobering fact that the Service in the first year has cost £1,000,000 a week more than the original estimates—the Select Committee was, on the whole, satisfied that the Service was justifying itself, and the evidence before it of the local Medical Executives was that the public is appreciative. But there is an important reservation to which the B.M.A., without saying "We told you so!" should direct its attention. "All branches of the Health Service are making great efforts," says the Select Committee, "to work the new machine efficiently. *Nevertheless, there are indications of difficulty in maintaining professional standards, and there are delays and difficulties in obtaining treatment.*" These are portentous words, and the vocational concern of the doctors will be echoed by public concern. The National Health Service should not be a levelling-down, but a levelling-up.

That (if we can take our eyes off the £352,324,000 running-costs for next year) is a question mainly of capital investment. We must invest in training: we need thousands more doctors, nurses, dentists, and opticians. We must invest in Health Centres: those policlinics within walking distance (at least, in towns) of every patient are the unrealised part of the Act and an indispensable element of the Service. Until we have them, fully equipped with the latest facilities for diagnosis and "walking" treatment, the doctors will be overworked and their wives overwrought by the siege of the surgeries. The complaints of clerical work will only be relieved by group-receptionists at the Health Centre; doctors will then be able to work their rotas, get proper rests and relief from night-calls, and take those refresher courses for which the scheme provides; and the public will be delivered from the queue.

We must invest heavily also in the hospital service. The threatened £9,000,000 cut, now withdrawn, showed the precarious position of our hospitals; savings could only be secured by closing beds and denying treatment. Although 15,000 more beds exist than before, another 50,000 could be brought into commission if staff and facilities were available; new wards, new wings, new hospitals are needed; many hospitals are decrepit through age and neglect; all of them need the expensive modern equipment which enhances the skills of the doctors; and only when we get really fine modern general hospitals can we start closing down the inefficient legacies of the past.

We must invest in skill. Overworked doctors, nurses, dentists and opticians can only give a minimum of time to the individual case. The ideal of the Service is to see that no incipient disease shall escape unnoticed and that, with early diagnosis, misery and disablement can be avoided. That demands a thoroughness incompatible with a waiting queue and a ticking clock. Above all, we must see that our preventive services—public health, nutrition, school-care and housing—are not diminished by the novelty of our sickness services. Our investment as a nation must be in positive health as well as repair and maintenance. It will be five years before the Health Service can be expected to "shake down." In the meantime, mediocrity must not become a habit.

RITCHIE CALDER

# A PARIS DIARY

My impression, after a week-end of talk in Paris, is that the Powers are really approaching that "agreement to differ" which has long been the only real alternative to war. The phrase was originally coined by Mr. Seymour Cocks, M.P. The idea has been supported editorially in this paper ever since April, 1948; it was first embodied in a Union of Democratic Control document and recommended in a House of Commons resolution tabled by Seymour Cocks and R. H. S. Crossman. In brief, it means that everyone is against a shooting war and that the cold war at a certain stage of intensity is too expensive and too dangerous. In the United States the mood is now to reduce taxation and overseas commitments; in Russia it does seem now to be realised that Mr. Bevin is not in the near future likely to be supplanted by Mr. Zilliacus. If the Paris talks have moved slowly, in spite of this new realism, that is partly because the Russians (and the Western Powers, too) had to start with a bit of propaganda, but much more because Mr. Vyshinsky has no discretionary power and had to ring up Moscow about every detail. A great deal of time has also been wasted because Mr. Bevin, allowing himself to be provoked by Mr. Vyshinsky, has jabbed back at Russia, whereupon Mr. Vyshinsky, provoked in turn, has had recourse to long, eloquent, and highly provocative defences of Soviet honour. Several hours could easily be wasted on such occasions. Nevertheless, something has been decided. The Foreign Ministers' Conference has probably again become a regular institution.

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Last autumn discussion in Paris centred on the coming struggle between Gaullism and Communism. Most people seemed to assume that middle-of-the-way government could not last, that by the spring of this year there would be civil war or that one or other of the extremists, probably de Gaulle, would be victorious. People I met were distressfully deciding whether, hating all dictatorship, they would prefer, in the final test, the dictatorship of de Gaulle or of the proletariat. I did, however, talk with one good British observer, who thought that M. Queuille was the sort of man who might do the job. Unobtrusive, new to national politics, he was experienced in local government and the ways of management. So it has proved. With the help of Marshall Aid, for the time, he has checked Communism. It is true that France's balance of payment is highly precarious, that prices are still high and wages low. But there is a new feeling of plenty and prosperity. It may be a fool's paradise, people will tell you, but it is good as long as it lasts. In such an atmosphere neither de Gaulle nor the Communists make much open progress. Perhaps M. Queuille keeps a seat warm for de Gaulle; perhaps beneath the surface both Gaullists and Communists consolidate. It is agreeable that they do not advance.

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Sitting outside the "*Deux Magots*" on Friday night, I was surprised to see that it was apparently raining leaflets. They were thrown in bundles high in the air by enthusiastic young men. Everyone was picking them up; they were headed the "*Ville de Paris*," and were apparently distributed at municipal expense. They summoned the citizen to a ceremony at which an avenue would be named after General Leclerc. Oddly, the crowd would be addressed not only by Pierre de Gaulle, the Mayor of Paris, but by his more distinguished brother, Charles de Gaulle. *L'Humanité*, of course, announced a monster Communist counter-demonstration in a square, five minutes' walk away, and the Saturday morning papers completed the picture by telling the public not to be alarmed, since 25,000 police would be present to see fair play. I attended both—I should say all three—demonstrations. The police turnout was the most impressive of the three. The municipal celebration, which had been so neatly snaffled by General de Gaulle, was much bigger than the Communist one. I cannot guess at the numbers. Mme Leclerc, who sat on the platform with de Gaulle, was said to be displeased that the honours of the occasion which should have belonged to her famous husband were usurped by a colleague with whom he had never been on noticeably good terms.

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Police were everywhere. Walking in the neighbouring side streets was like accidentally stumbling on to a battlefield. The *Garde Mobile*, nowadays in khaki, had their rifles, their tear gas and their Sten guns. Vans of Mobile Police lined the roads—there were enough police vans to carry away a thousand arrested traitors if any had been found. The police waited in posses of a dozen every few yards down each of the connecting streets. M. Moch had neglected no precaution. There *could* be no trouble now. In the long run, perhaps, the issue may depend on the political sympathies of the armed defenders of the law. At heart I suppose they are divided like everyone else in Paris. An unknown proportion of the rank and file are no doubt Communist and probably a majority of the officers de Gaullist, but as long as possible they will maintain law and order under the Third Force.

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I found no one in Paris who took seriously the Agreement just published between Bao Dai and the French Government. Bao Dai is now known as "the phantom Emperor." His usefulness to the French rests on the fact that he once made the grand gesture of abdication. But since those days in August, 1945, he has wandered between the night-clubs of Hong Kong and the gambling dens of Cannes. *L'Empereur des boites de nuit*, one French paper described him. His return to Saigon on June 13 was pronounced a flop. Phantom head of a phantom State, he found no time-wasting welcome among his phantom subjects; his car from the airport made 70 kilometres an hour as it passed through a long file of armed men standing at guard, one every five metres. The Mayor had asked the people of Saigon to show their enthusiasm, but only a bunch of sightseers responded. Six thousand students left their classes that day in protest. And Bao Dai was given a Manifesto signed by 400 people asking him to start negotiations with President Ho Chi Minh. Some of the signatories were Government officials and well-known people in Saigon. The French Security Police arrested 83 of them. It is not, therefore, surprising that Bao Dai is finding it difficult to collect a Cabinet. The French had placed their hopes on the popular leader of the Vietnamese Catholics—Ngo Dinh Diem. In vain. His reply was a statement that he was convinced that the aspirations of the Vietnamese people would never be satisfied "until our nation has attained the status of India and Pakistan." Bao Dai's statement that the Monarchy can be replaced by a Republic if the people want it will ring curiously in the ears of the Vietnamese people and the guerillas who continue to bog down the 120,000 French troops. Their allegiance to President Ho Chi Minh can never be broken by the most liberal statements by the French and their puppet. And Bao Dai himself must occasionally think of the fate of

Chiang Kai-shek, who also failed to respond to the needs of the masses for an honest Government and good rule. In Paris I found many who regarded the exchange of the Notes between Bao Dai and the President of the French Republic as just one more illusion. The reality is the French Budget, which shows that in June the inflated military expenditure of 44 milliard francs includes 17 milliards for the war in Vietnam.

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Travelling by air is demoralising. You are treated like a gentleman. If you do it often, detectives at the Airport recognise you and pass the time of day instead of showing interest in your passport. The Customs examination is quickly over, and you arrive at your destination fresh and uncrumpled. Above all, you are not made to feel that you are doing something criminal in wanting to leave the country. All this sharply contrasts with the experience of the strangled crowd that is driven through bottlenecks off trains on to ships and off ships again on to trains. Travelling this time by boat, I gave my passport to an official who looked through the varied history of past journeys recorded there with increased interest, and finally with suspicion. What was this? India? Burma? Siam? Palestine? Hungary? Czechoslovakia? Poland? Where, he said, suddenly turning on me with a menacing face, are you going to this time? Only Paris? Obviously he did not believe it. His manner, his reluctance in returning the passport, said very clearly, "Now, look here, I've been very lenient with you in the past. I've let you go abroad a lot. I've tolerated your presumption in going to countries behind the Iron Curtain. I'm reaching the end of my patience. The eye of the police is upon you. Don't get into your head any nonsense about it being your right to go where you like. England is a democracy, is it? All right, you wait and see, my boy. Watch your step."

CRITIC

## CONTINUED FRACTIONS

If the future brings a reduction in average family size from the present 2.2, the decline in births will have a serious effect.—*Royal Commission on population.*

There is widespread agitation over Britain's current dollar-gap,
There is firm determination Britain's output to augment,
But even more disturbing are the facts about the holler-gap,
Live births of little squallers must be raised by six per cent.

The curve of population rests foursquare on home production,
Replacements in the cradle our position must restore,
And families familiar with birth-control instruction
Are earnestly solicited to do a little more.

To stabilise the family, a crumbling institution,
All parents must be conscious of new targets to be hit,
The course of planned production must be linked with distribution,
Three babes are the objective, not two infants and a bit.

The citizen whose labour may be classified as manual
Does not beget in fractions, and but seldom stops at three;
Additions to his family are averagely annual
Against the 1.6 mark of the flagging bourgeoisie.

In middle-income brackets higher output is essential,
Though proletarian offspring are a demographic gain;
While welcoming the baby with the minimum potential,
States must not be unmindful of the usefulness of brain.

Defence and industry demand intense creative action,
Unfinished progeny present a serious handicap;
Point two becomes a difficult administrative fraction,
Recurring decimals won't close the population gap.

In multiplying integers the nation's pace must quicken,
More vital than production is the reproduction drive;
The average inhabitant at present is no chicken,
To-morrow's youth must keep the nonagarians alive.

The plan of the Commission cries for instant State adoption,
The coming generation this White Paper serves to warn;
Since mass-produced whole numbers will be born without an option,
It will be closely scrutinised in circles yet unborn.

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

"I am proud to be a capitalist," Brig. Rayner continued, "for capitalism is 100% a British system."—*Western Morning News.* (E. J. Chaplin.)

He agreed he had smacked her face on three occasions "when words failed," but denied he had behaved unkindly.—*News Chronicle.* (Mrs. H. Fantes.)

St. James's Ward Conservative Club.—The Chairman, Secretary and Committee of the above-named Club wish to tender their regret to Mr. W. S. Mawdsley, decorator, of 21 Thurland Road, Oldham, for any inconvenience caused and discourtesy shown to him on the occasion of his recent visit to this Club. He was asked to leave under the mistaken impressions that he was a Communist candidate of the same name at the recent Municipal Elections.—*Oldham Evening Chronicle.* (W. Crowder.)

## SHANGHAI LIBERATION

So help me God, it all started with a Kuomintang victory parade. Tuesday, May 24, was a grey day with a slow drizzle falling out of low hanging clouds. But the streets of Shanghai had rather a gay appearance because by order of the authorities the flags were out. A big "victory" had been won, Pootung way, and everybody was celebrating; from processions of trucks sad-looking coolies were throwing coloured leaflets exhorting the population to be courageous and to trust the glorious Kuomintang army who had just won such an overwhelming victory for the defence of this Stalingrad on the Whangpoo.

Towards midday, I drove out, with a friend, to the Lunghua airfield, and found there the first indication that the battle was about to enter Shanghai. One lone Kuomintang C-46 stood on the far taxi strip; soldiers swarmed; the garrison had moved in the night before and torn the place apart. The runway was littered with luggage labels and ticket stubs, and the passenger hall was deserted. We walked over to the plane and found two lorries drawn up against it with a police guard. They were loading wooden cases full of bank notes, and the chief pilot was having a terrific argument with the garrison commander, who did not want the plane to leave. He wanted to have one plane at least in which he could get out. Eventually the pilot got his way, "revved" his engines and solemnly shook hands with us. It was like a scene from a bad "B" picture, but we didn't feel too happy about things. This was our last contact with the outside world.

We drove back to the French Club and were greeted by a wave of rumours: the downtown area had been evacuated, there was fighting at Jessfield Park and the West Station had been taken. All the same we had a good lunch. Then we drove downtown. There all was quiet, but Nationalist soldiers had taken over several more buildings and were obviously constructing a secondary defence line along Szechuan Road. We "evacuated" our secretaries, and got home—to find that the first phase of the British Emergency Plan was in operation. This meant that all British subjects were to stay at home and listen to a radiophone link, which the consulate had established, for further instructions. Telephoning was impossible as everybody was trying to use the phone at the same time and, in the peculiar Shanghai telephone system, if the load gets too big the dial tone vanishes.

Still everything was quiet, and it was not until about 7 o'clock that the big guns started firing on the North side of town. The main fighting until Tuesday had been on the other side of the Whangpoo, where the Communists had cleverly outflanked Shanghai's defences, and round the Woosung forts at the mouth of the river, about 25 miles away. The attack seemed likely to come from the Pootung side, where the Communists were making preparations to cross the Whangpoo river; but, in fact, the main thrusts came from the West into Jessfield Park and from the South-west into Siccawei, both of which districts seem to have been left wide open. During the evening, however, all the heavy gun firing was way up North, about ten miles from my flat in the Western corner of Frenchtown.

About nine o'clock there was a sudden burst of small arms fire which sounded less than a mile away. It looked as if the Communists were coming up Prosper de Paris from Siccawei. Presently, as the firing ceased almost entirely, I decided to go to bed. I woke up at about 11.30, thinking I heard the scuffling of an army of rats. Looking out of the window I saw some soldiers running. Nationalists? No, these men were moving at the double, with perfect discipline, along the pavement of the road, stopping carefully where Ferguson crosses Culty, crouching down and then, five at a time, making a dash for the other side of the road and the protective wall. Every tenth man was a stretcher bearer; and that made me absolutely certain that these were Communist soldiers because the Nationalists never gave a damn about their wounded.

Having made sure that Culty was quiet, the platoon (as I judged it to be) sat down in front of my house. One soldier whistled softly, two others laughed, and a fourth rubbed his feet in a gesture with which every infantryman in the world would have sympathised. I ran to the telephone and started getting my friends out of bed telling them: "They're here; I've been liberated." After that I went back to bed with a sigh of relief that my street had been occupied without fighting; but at 1.30 my complacency was rudely shattered: all hell seemed to break loose right in front of my window. It was apparent that the Nationalists, who must have been waiting for the Reds to come down Joffre, had finally noticed that they were using Ferguson instead and were trying to stop them. I pulled the mattress off the bed on to the floor and tried vainly to sleep: there is nothing quite so loud as a machine-gun at close quarters. At about 2.30, however, things were quiet again. I had a look out of the window but nobody seemed to have got hurt. The Communist soldiers were still sitting on the road in front of my house, but now some of them had also taken over the sandbag pillbox in the middle of the crossroads which the Nationalists had kindly built for them, though it now seemed a little the worse for wear. The street lights

added a fantastic touch to the scene. This must have been the only battle for a big city in which the street lighting, the telephone service, the gas and water supplies functioned just as if nothing was happening.

Wednesday was a beautiful day: even the weather was welcoming the Communists. Up till now, I have been using the word "liberation" ironically, but that Wednesday morning, and during the following two or three days, one felt a very real sense of liberation. I had never wholly believed the stories about the Red Army's discipline. There is not an army in the world that, taking over a big city, will not loot a little or have a go at some of the women. But these Chinese Communist soldiers were better than the stories we had heard about them. The civilians were going out of their way to be friendly with them, but the soldiers insisted on paying even for a cigarette or a bucket of water. They were dead tired and they had not eaten properly for two days, but they slept in doorways and on the pavements of the streets, and they refused any food other than that which was issued to them. The contrast with the Nationalist army was staggering. Both were Chinese armies but they seemed centuries apart.

The Consul General in a broadcast that morning told us that we should turn this Wednesday into a Sunday. We in Frenchtown certainly took his advice. All that day there was fighting downtown—the Communists trying to cross the Soochow Creek, and the Nationalists looting over in Hongkew. But in our quarter the students were coming out with little hand-written posters, some in English: "Long live the People's Army," "Down with the Four Families" and, encouragingly enough, "The People's Army protects all Foreign Property." That night the whole northern sky was lit by the petrol tanks burning on Kiangwan airfield, and all night distant artillery kept banging away. But we did not care. In Frenchtown the war was over.

Next morning, I decided to drive into town to send some cables. Just as the power, gas, water and telephone service was still functioning, so the cable service was never interrupted. There were more students in the streets singing and dancing, and lots and lots of small red flags. Frenchtown was fast returning to normal. The street hawkers were out in full force waving wads of the new Communist currency—selling at 450 to one silver dollar—and the streets were just as cluttered up as before with the usual assortment of traders and kitchens. Only the Bund was still empty. I wandered along it looking at all the little ships which the Nationalists had sunk in the middle of the river—sheer wanton destruction with no purpose behind it. A Communist warned me to get off the Bund: there was still shooting at the Garden Bridge. As he spoke, a Chinese civilian a little farther down the Bund pitched on his face and lay still. It was the only casualty I saw during the fighting.

On the 27th, it was all over. Children were having a fine time playing with an abandoned armoured car and coolies were already pulling the sandbag emplacements to pieces—taking the bags, which they could sell, and leaving heaps of sand and earth in the road. Every now and then columns of prisoners marched down Joffre and there was a little excitement when some lurking Nationalist soldiers were found a few blocks down the road from my flat. But trams and buses were running, and factories were working. Except for foreign trade, the town was back to normal. The two foreign-owned English language newspapers have continued to appear regularly—uncensored. The two Chinese-owned foreign language newspapers have been suspended, though the Kuomintang *China Tribune* tried its best, publishing nothing but Tass dispatches for two days running. We have managed to keep our radio station going, although we are not allowed to broadcast any news. It looks as though Shanghai will have a quiet time of adjustment for two months or so; we shall only be able to tell the Communists' attitude to foreign trade and to foreigners generally after we have lived with them for some time. One essential, from our standpoint, will be the recognition of the Communist Government by all foreign Powers. There can be no question now who are the masters of China.

*Shanghai, June 1.* YOUNG FOREIGNER

## SO THEY SAY . . .

THE principles which should govern the conduct of a newspaper were never better set forth than in an editorial, published 28 years ago.

*Manchester Guardian*, May 5, 1921:

A newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, and its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. "Propaganda," so called, by this means is hateful. The voice of opponents no less than that of friends has a right to be heard. Comment is also justly subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank; it is even better to be fair.

This precept, however, is still apt to be honoured more in the breach than the observance. Contrast these two versions:

*Observer*, June 19:

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, addressing Labour Party workers at Clacton yesterday, said: "If we have another five years of power, we shall establish such achievements, we shall do such things, that you will never see a Tory Government in Great Britain again."

*Daily Graphic*, June 20:

Aneurin Bevan . . . [said]: "If we have another five years of power, we shall do such things that you will never see a Tory Government in Britain again." That is fantastic nonsense. The British people will never submit to the tyranny of a one-Party State . . .

### Nuances

*Daily Herald*, June 11:
EXPORTS ON THE WAY UP AGAIN

*Daily Express*, June 11:
IMPORTS RISE TO BIGGEST EVER

*News Chronicle*, June 11
EXPORTS RISE—SO DO IMPORTS

*Daily Herald*, June 18:
. . . SQUADS STAND BY FOR DE GAULLE CLASH

*Daily Telegraph*, June 18:—
PARIS FEARS COMMUNIST CLASH TO-DAY

### Left hand, right hand

*Scotsman* editorial, June 14:

One's first reaction to the news that the arrival of the Rt. Hon. Emanuel Shinwell today will be signalised by a 17-gun salute from Edinburgh Castle is to wonder if Scottish Command has become half-moon-struck . . . Perhaps [Mr. Shinwell] feels that nothing is so likely to bring him back into the public eye as 17 loud bangs . . .

*Scotsman* news story, June 14:

. . . no salute will be fired . . . [Mr. Shinwell] having expressed the view, when he heard of [it], that such a ceremonial was not necessary . . .

*Scottish Daily Express*, June 16:

Page 1, col. 3: A fox ran along the line at Chepstow Station last night, dodged porters, but was caught by a huntsman who flung himself upon it.

Page 1, col. 5: A fox ran along the line at Chepstow Railway Station yesterday, and . . . dodged, but a railwayman flung himself on it and grabbed it . . .

### Crescendo

*Daily Mail*, June 18:
LOST BY A PINT OF PETROL—T.T. RIDER STRANDED

*Daily Mirror*, June 18:

He was only half a pint short of winning post.

*Daily Herald*, June 18:
EGGCUP OF PETROL COST HIM £5,000 T.T. RACE

AUTOLYCUS

## THE FARM LABOURER—II

THE background to the modern farm labourer, discussed in last week's issue, is sombre. The great-grandfathers, the grandfathers and the fathers alike ate the sour grapes, in Enclosure times, in mid-Victorian misery, and in the depression of the last half-century, and the teeth of the children were set on edge. And the result and symptom of this was the so-called "drift to the towns." The fact is undoubted, for between 1871, in the last decade of the High Farming, and 1938 the number of farm workers declined from 937,000 to 472,000. But the phrase is shoddy and needs analysis. Firstly, it was not a "drift," it was, too often, the deliberate emigration of the most energetic and the most resolute. Secondly, it was not so much "to the towns" as "off the farms." Certainly, there was in it a considerable element of revolt against rural conditions, but the magnet was a higher standard of living and better prospects rather than the towns as such. City life has few attractions for the normal countryman and he generally preferred work near his old home, in a sawmill or a garage, on the railways or in the police, if such a job was available. But this did not affect the result. Within a single lifetime, the number of farm labourers was halved and the loss to the agricultural industry was presumably at least as great in human quality as in numerical quantity.

The last decade, however, has seen a great and welcome change and the revival of British farming has brought new wealth, new pride and new blood to the countryside, so that this weary statistical tide has at last turned. In 1948, there were just over 500,000 regular male workers on English and Welsh farms and this fact is important; the historian of the future will assuredly note it. But let us not deceive ourselves. The old background is still there and the twin lords of the countryside, Nature and History, still dominate the lives of all who work on the land. These things are strange to the townsman whose life, ways and traditions are so different. Nor is this all. For there have been in England for as long as any man living can remember four men who regard food as something to buy for every one who regards it as something to sell, while modern voting power is overwhelmingly urban. Thus is the countryman at the political mercy of those who neither understand his circumstances nor his needs and who are, moreover, divided from him by economic interest. In this there is mani-

fest danger and, in particular, urban mythology has long distorted and obscured the realities of the farm labourer's life.

Consider, for instance, the physical conditions, the efforts, the exposure and the hardships of the labourer's normal work which so appal the average townsman. But the countryman does not agonise over these, for he has developed a muscular technique and a controlled speed to meet the demands of his job, while few have heard him complain of the dust and mud which he takes, literally, as part of the day's work. In any case, his hours are shorter now than formerly and the coming of mechanical power has eased many of his physical burdens. But there is also in the background what we may call the Peasant Tradition, weakening perhaps, but still strong. Now, the core of this is a patient yet purposeful attitude towards work, a determination to master the job in hand, whatever the cost in hours and effort, and an almost physical hatred of shoddiness.

Admittedly, mistakes in farming practice are peculiarly obvious; ragged ploughing and badly hoed sugar-beet cannot be hid and everyone in the village will know who was responsible. But surely the cause is deeper than this, for behind the modern labourer stand the dead generations whose crops were their life and whose margin of resources was too small to allow either weakness or scamping. Some day, the bull will get loose . . . fire will destroy the stacks . . . plague or war will rob the village of its able-bodied men . . . Who knows? But when disaster or emergency comes, then the life of the individual, perhaps of the community, may hang on the fact that the ditch was cleansed as a ditch should be cleansed, that the field was ploughed as a field should be ploughed, that the hay was cut and made as hay should be cut and made. Such thoughts still live and we must beware of over-estimating the importance of the fatigues and discomforts of farm work. These may influence men who are considering entering the industry but hardly those who have been brought up in the country.

Again, there is this traditional and painful disparity between the wages of the farm labourer and his opposite number in the towns. But here again we must not jump to conclusions. For one thing, the labourer knows that in the last decade his wages have increased proportionately more than those of most workmen, for another, his mind is concrete and he compares himself not with what he might be but with what he was. The past was worse than the present and the farther back his memory goes the worse things were. The men of the inter-war depression were better off than the Besieged Generation—besieged by poverty—so unforgettably described by Flora Thompson, and they in turn were better off than their fathers whom Arch led so valiantly. And behind them were the Hungry Forties before the repeal of the Corn Laws.

By his own standards, therefore, the modern labourer is prosperous and the countryside today is economically a happier place for him than it has ever been before. This you will see clearly in Robertson-Scott's 1947 edition of *England's Green and Pleasant Land* which is significantly dedicated to "The Labouring Men and Women who died on Pisgah." Those who see things casually and from the outside must speak with diffidence. But one certainly gets the impression that, while more money is always welcome, particularly to meet rising prices, the older generation is on the whole contented; the immemorial grip of poverty has relaxed, the long siege has lifted. But the younger men, especially if they come from the towns or the Services, are more critical. They know more of urban amenities and wages, they are accustomed to more money in their pockets, their personal tastes are probably more expensive. The present danger of the relatively low wages offered by farming is not, therefore, that men accustomed to rural life will leave the industry but that those who might otherwise enter it will go elsewhere.

Then, too, we are often told that the labourer has no real prospect of rising in his industry. Once a labourer, always a labourer, and the minimum wage at 60 is no more than the minimum wage at 21. Now, this is perfectly true, though he may earn more than the minimum wage and there are occasional openings as farm-bailiffs or foremen. The size of the typical farming unit allows little specialisation or divided responsibility, and in practice it is more than difficult for a labourer to work up to the rank of farmer *via* a small holding; the economic and psychological dice are heavily weighted against him. The ancient farming ladder, whose rungs were the grazing rights on the Open Fields, was destroyed by the Enclosures and the last century has put little in its place. Rightly, therefore, does the Astor Report conclude that "ordinary promotion is rare in farming" while others, more caustic, have termed farm work "the greatest of dead-end jobs." But the labourer judges these things by his own standards. The Open Fields are forgotten and though Laxton, the one parish in all England where they survive, may thrill the historian, it has never become a centre of pilgrimage where the dispossessed recall their lost rights; the modern farm labourer compares himself not to the peasant of two centuries ago but to his father in the depression times. Admittedly, there is in some areas a substantial demand for small holdings but those who are prepared to purchase independence and prospective wealth at the price of such heavy responsibility are a small minority, however worthy. Like many others, the typical farm worker values increased security above scope for ambition.

There is, however, a great, constant and intimate source of discomfort in the labourer's life which is hidden from the casual urban visitor. This is bad housing. The general standards of domestic comfort and efficiency are shockingly low; the majority of cottages are obsolete in design and poor in condition; in many districts there are not enough cottages, in most there are far too many bad ones; and a large number of these need not rehabilitation but dynamite. Statistical proof of this is, no doubt, impossible but the evidence is overwhelming. To take but one small point, a painfully large proportion of rural dwellings lack damp-proof courses, hence the tendency of village conversations to return to rheumatics; indeed, this is something of a joke, except, of course, to those who are villagers. This domestic evil is worst in some of our most beautiful villages and one of the most famous and charming of all our Midland hamlets contains a higher proportion of condemned cottages than any other parish in its Rural District; which is saying a good deal. And as with buildings, so with services. In 1939, for instance, a third of our parishes and, in all, about a million people were without piped water supplies; about half the rural parishes lacked sewage systems; and less than one agricultural holding in ten was served with electricity. Think of what all this means in terms of work, worry and sheer physical strain, most of which falls on the country housewife, whose burdens are indeed heavy. And remember that this type of home is all that the industry can offer to many of the young recruits on whom its future will depend.

Now, the writer of this article is not a labourer; he has never lived under a labourer's conditions and on a labourer's wage; his experience is casual, limited and, above all, vicarious; and he writes with painful consciousness of the shadow of correction. Nevertheless, from what he has seen, heard and read, he would most certainly hold that the main immediate source of discontent among farm labourers today is not the character of his work nor his low wages nor his lack of prospects but the rank bad standards of housing to which he and his family are so often condemned. *Videant consules;* the matter is important: for what we eat in ten years' time may well depend on what we do now. Contented men are the primary tools of efficient production and decent homes are the primary sources of contented men.

NIGEL HARVEY

## THE GORDIAN KNOT

We have learned all about it at school: how the great Alexander entered Gordos; how he looked at the famous knot so artfully tied that no one could unravel it; how he thought of the glory predicted by the oracle for him who could do it; and how he simply drew his sword and cut the knot.

I am not surprised that Alexander's soldiers cheered and praised their young King's impetuosity. But I am quite sure my mother would not have approved: had she been in Gordos at the time there would have been trouble. When I was a boy and, not a whit less impetuous than Alexander, drew my sword or pocket-knife to cut the Gordian knot fastening a parcel, my mother's observations were diametrically opposed to those of the oracle and the cheering troops from Macedonia. Alexander, of course, was a great War-Lord, and the Persians and Indians and Egyptians were much in awe of him. But my mother would have been less impressed. "One doesn't cut a knot," she would have said quite sternly, "this is naughty and wasteful, Alex."

Alexander the Great died very young; but had he lived to a wise old age he might have said: "That nice Frau Kästner in Gordos was quite right. One shouldn't cut a knot; and if one does, the soldiers shouldn't cheer. If they do, one shouldn't be so proud of it."

It seems really odd. Once upon a time someone was capable of tying a knot so cleverly that no one could unravel it. Yet, no history book tells us the name of that ingenious person. But as for the fellow who pulled out the knife, of course we know all about him. The historians, at all times, had a soft spot for strong men. On tables of stone, on parchments, and in fat books they have been praising the men who tried to solve problems with a stroke of the sword. They are not nearly so keen to tell us how the threads of fate got so badly entangled, and they would be utterly bored by the tale of crazy dreamers wondering how such knots of fate might be patiently unravelled. It is the short and sharp cut through the knot that holds these historians spellbound, and thus they have helped to keep the old Gordian methods respected and alive.

Just now we have been privileged, once again, to enjoy a ringside-seat for the spectacle of such a knot being cut through, rather than patiently unravelled. It was frightfully interesting, and we still find our hair—what is left of it—standing on end. And whilst at international conferences delegates from every land are trying to unravel the new knots appearing all over the place, we here in Germany can find quite a few adherents of the old sword theory revert to the old form: "Nonsense! Why bother to unravel? Cut the cackle and cut the knot!"

I think it is about time to begin cutting such people rather than the knots.

ERICH KÄSTNER

# LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

*Isle of Britain.*

. . . It is sad about the Philadelphia Orchestra. They have been much admired, but there have been far too many empty seats at their concerts, and the impressario who brought them over must have dropped about £25,000. There is no mystery here. Too many of the people who could appreciate such an orchestra could not afford to pay the prices of admission. This is one of the results of being tough with the middle classes. If Joe Louis or the Dynamo football team had come to England, there would have been no empty seats; but then the people who prefer sporting contests to concerts still have some cash to spare—or spend it whether they have it to spare or not. Many middle-class parents spend less *on themselves* than any other section of the community except the poorest. And some of them like books, music and drama; but now they have to watch every shilling. This is having its effect on our life here.

Often we are told that we charge too much for our books, theatre and concert tickets. Actually, in view of the steep rise in costs, we do not charge enough. Thus, in the theatre the audience pays about ten per cent. more than it did before the war, whereas behind the scenes we are faced with expenses that are two or three hundred per cent. higher than they were before the war. A man who pays two or three times as much for his suits, shirts, ties, shoes, as he did ten years ago does not hesitate to grumble if we ask him for another shilling or two for a book or a theatre seat. On the other hand, I realise that a lot of the very people we want to please simply cannot afford to pay what we ask. There is no money left for our little luxuries. So what do we do now?

Adjustment by taxation, on which so much simple faith is pinned, especially by men well outside the dusty arena of debits and credits, does not work. For example, we will say that I am asked to pay £350 a week rent for a West End theatre that before the war I could have rented for £150. Now, it is true that out of that excess £200 the Government in one way and another will take a whacking great cut. That gives Sir Stafford Cripps and perhaps Mr. Aneurin Bevan more money to play about with, but it still leaves me grappling with an uneconomic rent and brings serious theatrical production a few steps nearer bankruptcy. Unless, of course, out of this theatre rent windfall, the Government is prepared to subsidise me to meet these higher charges; and it isn't. I don't want it to do so; otherwise sooner or later the Central Office of Information will be asking me what I propose to put on next—and why.

Not long ago I met a manufacturer from Eire who told me that in that dreamy old-world island any producer whose profits are too high is compelled to reduce the price of his product. This seems to me far more sensible than taxing or confiscating excess profits. If the Mystic Rose Pencil Company is charging me sixpence for a pencil that costs tuppence to manufacture, I would much prefer a sharp reduction in Mystic Rose pencil prices to the thought that the Treasury is swallowing an extra hundred thousand pounds or so. Moreover, if we must export and our prices are already beginning to look too steep for customers abroad, any move that reduces those prices, it seems to me, will benefit us more than some extra Treasury loot would. Or am I making my old mistake of simplifying too much?

A nice little example of the Dunne effect in dreams. Three nights ago I woke up repeating the word *epigone*, which was all that remained of some dream—not a dream of any power, or I would have remembered it. I remarked to J. at breakfast that I had been haunted by this unusual term, one I never remember using myself; and during the morning I looked up *epigone* in both Webster and the Shorter Oxford Dictionary. (There was not, by the way, any trace of remorse in me for not being further up among the *avant-garde*; I had spent quite a cheerful night.) And then, yesterday, I read Alexander Werth's *Musical Uproar in Moscow*, which I must send you, for it is capital reading and of some value; and—behold—*epigone* popped up all over the place, being almost a key word. Coincidence? Possibly, but Dunne's explanation, even if you reject his Serialism, seems to me more reasonable.

You asked me about broadcasting. No. I have no particular quarrel with it or with the B.B.C. What keeps me away from the microphone is Programme Planning. In the war, and immediately afterwards, it was possible to arrange, at fairly short notice, to broadcast a talk on some topic that seemed to me good for a radio chat. But nowadays they organise these talks far in advance and, instead of giving one *carte blanche* more or less, they dream up among themselves some series in which you may take part. This is no use to me, the old rogue elephant. Do I want to broadcast a thirteen-and-a-half-minute talk, at ten p.m. on September 15, in the series *What I Thought About My Grandmother?* The answer is No. This probably pleases both parties. But it is not the way to develop good broadcasting, which is not difficult, but does require a certain special technique both in writing and reading; and in my view this technique, like others, is all the better for having regular demands made upon it. Up to a point you improve as you go along, shaping your material and your method to the particular repeated task. And I for one work much better with my own ideas than I do with other people's. When a man asks me to write or to broadcast on a subject he produces, I always want to tell him to do it himself—after all, it's his subject, not mine. If he is really enthusiastic about it, he should have a shot at it himself. If he is not enthusiastic about it, why dump it into *my* lap?

This is a common mistake among film producers. One of them was once grumbling to me about his writers. "I give them some wonderful ideas," he said, "but they seem to make a mess of them." "If they are so wonderful, these story ideas," I told him, "then why not write them yourself? Or, alternatively, if your writers must do the writing, then why not ask them for some ideas that excite *them*?" He said he would think this over, and is now out of the business.

Are you as soberly dressed as ever? I ask this because I find myself returning now to the sartorial magnificence of my later teens, when, I remember, I wore without shame light grey pegtop trousers and powder-blue socks with gold clocks. During the last few months I have deliberately gone and bought a blue corduroy suit, a bright yellow pullover and a crimson one, and several shirts and ties of an Elizabethan splendour. As if I were preparing, rather too quickly, to build myself up in the part of a picturesque old charlatan. Now it has been said that we British suffer from a colour hunger, which partly accounts for the astonishing popularity of ballet in this island. "Oh, life is so grey, so drab now!" people tell you. But most of them, I feel, live in places that are no greyer now than they have been any time during these last hundred years. And where I spend most of my days, looking down on woods and fields, cliffs and the sea, there is enough colour to make Turner himself give a cheer. So I am certainly not compensating myself for a lack of it. Yet here I am, trying to stuff the rainbow into my wardrobe, peacocking away, and all for my own pleasure. Is this my response to the glory of landscape and seascape? Or, by looking like an itinerant photographer in an operetta, am I protesting against my membership of a planned society?

What about these massive novels by German Nobel Prize winners? There are two of them, still only partly read, on my bedside table. I am ready to echo, if a trifle faintly, all the praise bestowed upon these works by our more serious reviewers. Undoubtedly they are profound philosophical fictions, penetrating to the deepest conflicts of our nature, illustrating with a wealth of symbols the paradox of the Artist in our society, showing us the German intellect and brooding, creative mind at their richest, and so on and so forth. But—oh dear!—there is one rather contemptible little quality of authorship, much too highly prized, of course, by many of us triflers, that these ten-ton German novelists lack—and that is readability. I know—I know—it is hardly worth mentioning. I feel ashamed even to whisper it to you. But readability is not theirs. They are high above all the tricks of luring on the reader. They do not stoop to any of our drawing-room devices. They plant themselves solidly on the lecture platform or up in the pulpit, and even their little jokes—and they will insist upon them—seem to be incased in concrete a yard thick. I know that these writers deserve all the praise and the prizes that come their way. They are serious creative artists, earnest thinkers, men of unimpeachable integrity. No doubt their works will be read and admired when most of my favourites, who bedevil me into reading half the night, are forgotten. But one frivolous Anglo-Saxon cannot help wishing that they were not so portentous, so heavy, so very German, and a little more readable. J. B. PRIESTLEY

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

*From the "New Statesman" of June 1924*

### The New Diplomacy

Madame Rakovsky's party at Claridge's was a very pleasant affair, less formal, of course, than Ambassadorial parties of the ancient type were wont to be, and for that reason, if for no other, much more interesting . . . there were some serious things to talk about. They were not unhopefully discussed. It is recognised that the Conference is unlikely to issue in a *great* financial operation. That is more than Russia herself expects or even desires. But some result there will, I think, be. What Russia wants above all is recognition; with recognition must come the acknowledgement on her part of the principle of past liabilities.

### Inter-war Season

A brilliant season. That is to say, that the Kings and Queens of Roumania, Italy and Denmark have visited London, the Regent of Abyssinia is expected, the enclosure at Ascot was crammed, there are innumerable dinners and balls, and the dressmakers have done themselves proud. But artistically the season has hardly existed . . . Till now the only great spectacle to attract attention has been the Rodeo, and magnificently spectacular it is. But at Wembley otherwise the most beautiful object is a locomotive, and the most impressive a gun.

# The Arts and Entertainment

## PELLÉAS

THE people who maintained, during the recent performances by the Opéra Comique at Covent Garden, that *Pelléas et Mélisande* was an exquisite masterpiece, and the people who insisted that, on the contrary, it was devitalising and even boring, had both, paradoxical as it may sound, a good deal of right on their side. *Pelléas* is indeed a perfect work of art—perfect as almost no other French opera, not even *Carmen*, can be called perfect; the marriage of text and music (though the unmusical Maeterlinck failed to realise it) is miraculous; the poetic atmosphere, created in the opening bars, is never dispelled; the extreme originality of the musical idiom is combined with flawless taste. Throughout the five acts there is not a superfluous or inexpressive scene; not even the episode of Yniold and the sheep, which it has become customary to omit in performance. Again and again we find ourselves haunted by the grace and fidelity of some phrase in the recitative; the orchestra spins a tissue whose delicacy and transparency have never been surpassed; and the climaxes, when (how rarely!) they come, can be overwhelming: think only of one, the orchestral outburst on the chord of E flat major (disguised in the score as D sharp) at the climax of Arkel's speech to Mélisande.

To play through a single act of *Pelléas* on the piano or on the gramophone is a ravishing experience, from which one rises convinced that this opera is one of the finest flowers of the French genius; but, much as I love the score, I must confess that I have never yet sat through a stage performance without succumbing at some point or other to weariness and inattention. The fault may be my own; or it may be that, with the exception of M. Etcheverry in the present production, I have seen no very great artist in the principal roles; but I suspect that, after the first hour or two, a sense of monotony is difficult for most listeners to escape because it is inherent in the nature of the play and the idiom of the music. Within its chosen limitations, Maeterlinck's beautifully constructed piece is highly dramatic; and for his hapless, fate-driven mortals, who speak only bare prose in an undertone, Debussyan recitative is certainly the only conceivable language. But they are figures in a tapestry; and *Pelléas* bears the same sort of relation to an opera by Mozart or Verdi as an exhibition of fine tapestry to a picture-gallery filled with masterpieces.

Nevertheless the Opéra Comique production, which never lapsed from a high level of style, gave great pleasure. It was particularly valuable because its quietude followed the vociferations of Wagner and the exaggerated restlessness which our opera producers, under the influence of cinema and ballet, incline to introduce everywhere. In the second scene of *Pelléas*, during Geneviève's famous reading of the letter, the audience savoured an emotion which has become rare at Covent Garden, the high pleasure of tranquillity. It is a curious paradox of the opera house that the most impressive moments are often the moments of absolute calm, when the stage remains motionless and the attention of the entire house is concentrated on the pure beauty of lyrical utterance. Mme Solange Michel read the simple words with a grave clarity, looking up once or twice with a half-glance of concern towards the face of the old king; not a syllable was lost; it was a triumph of pure style. As the youthful lovers, M. Jacques Jansen and Mlle Irène Joachim were no less admirable in point of style, besides being uncommonly handsome and graceful human beings—which is a more important consideration in this opera than in any other. But they lacked magic: the timbre of their voices, in particular, though never disagreeable, had neither marked individuality nor absolute clarity, so that not all their lines came across as they must and should. The Golaud, on the other hand, was both vocally and dramatically of the first order; M. Etcheverry will surely be remembered, together with Hector Dufrane, Vanni-Marcoux and Clarence Whitehill, as one of the great exponents of this part. Unforgettable were the simplicity and expressiveness of his gestures, and the terrible intensity of the cry "*Regarde! Regarde!*" with which he torments the child Yniold into spying through the window on the lovers. So persuasive was his playing in the last two acts, so complete his presentation of a baffled, self-torturing jealousy which can never learn the truth, that we found ourselves contemplating the course of the action from a fresh angle, as the tragedy of Golaud. M. Pierre Froumenty had not quite the mellowness and dignity of voice to bring out the full tenderness of Arkel's music; the smaller parts were in the safe hands of Mlle Jacqueline Cellier (Yniold) and M. Jean Vieuille (a very sympathetic Doctor). Under M. Roger Desormière, who has specialised in this opera, the Covent Garden Orchestra played with a delicacy and refinement of which we had hardly thought them capable; the wood-wind in particular seemed to have known and loved these floating, evocative phrases all their lives, whereas in fact they were presumably encountering the score, in most cases, for the first time. Evidently, *plus fait douceur que violence*; which might serve as the motto for Debussy's opera too.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## RADIO NOTES

I BELIEVE it is a common experience among people listening to radio for the first time, to be pleased and astonished by its variety and interest. The hardened listener cannot hope to have this feeling often. Yet there are times, for him too, when English broadcasting seems astir with ideas, equal to all topical opportunities. I rate the last ten days as one of these times. It is not only that there have been original programmes of unusual interest—in philosophy, theatre, poetry, economic life, and just life—but also that most normal features have been better than good. Among the new programmes three were outstanding—the discussion on *Logical Positivism* between Professor Ayer and Father Copleston, S.J., (Third), the story of *The Vermeer Forgeries* (Light), and the performance of Lorca's play *Blood Wedding* (*Bodas de Sangre*), on the Third.

In the first the ringside amateur got a general, if confused, impression that Professor Ayer won on points, though it went the full hour. There was a moment when the Roman Catholic challenger seemed to go down for a count of about eight. It came during the discussion on causation, when, arguing from the empirical to the metaphysical, he was accused by Professor Ayer of "having it both ways." Deftly, Ayer claimed a verbal foul. His logical-linguistic acrobatics made his an elusive and entertaining, if never doubt-defeating, performance. It was impossible not to sympathise with Father Copleston (except when, in perhaps exasperated bafflement, he weighted his gloves with the lead of the Almighty). "Give me a description more general than any description, which is not itself a description!" cried Professor Ayer. We are obliged to score him a point, yet may still feel that the apparent force of it has something to do with what Father Copleston called the "radical inadequacy of language."

I remember once seeing, on somebody's table, a tray with a £5 note on it. Tray and note were in fact a picture, painted by a Dutchman and intended to deceive: a small, cunning example of that Dutch genius for imitation, which obtained such astounding success in the recent case of the *Vermeer Forgeries*. Hans van Meegeren, who painted "Vermeers," sold his "Last Supper" for £165,000, "Washing Christ's Feet" for £130,000; altogether, he made three-quarters of a million out of private collectors, the Dutch Government, and Goering, deceived famous experts, and was voted the most popular man in Holland next to the Prime Minister. It was time his extraordinary story should be told, and, till a life of him appears, I cannot imagine it being told or presented better than in the radio version of Mr. Michael Wharton and Mr. Francis Dillon. This had an air of thorough research well-assimilated, and made good use of Meegeren's pleasing wit. His own daughter had the part of his wife, and Felix Felton was excellent in the name-part. My only criticism is of the unconvincing cries of "Sensoyshun!" by radio news-boys. The Light Programme is exploiting a rich vein of radio journalism in these *Sensation!* features (this was the third and best), which could dispense with such clichés.

One could hardly have dared hope that the physical quality of *Blood Wedding* would be maintained on the air in all its purity, without any preservatives or prettification. Yet this was so, and the effect was thrilling. The feel of house and horse, of bitter land and hereditary passion, fused with an Old Testament poetry and simplicity of language, in Mr. Leeson's English translation. A distinguished cast responded faultlessly to Mr. George Ronald Hill's production.

Disagreeable about *The Critics* last week, I would like to make amends now. Last Sunday they were excellent. To their debate on the role of musical interludes in radio humour Mr. Allen contributed a pleasing joke. "Music," he said, "provides a relief to the extreme hilarity of the programme." The seaside holiday of the *Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh* team—among whom Kathleen Harrison was heard, to one's great pleasure, as a meal-stinting landlady—made one of their best half-hours. It is a virtue of this feature that the mixture is never too rich. Two good talks—a weighty one by Mr. Toynbee on *Dostoevsky*, and a bizarre one by Lucille Iremonger on *The Legend of Rose Halls* which introduced us, with rich phrase, to some terrible doings in Jamaica a hundred years ago. MARK OGILVIE

## NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING

"ANTHOLOGY"—the loan exhibition at Tooth's—does not pretend to be a comprehensive cross-section of French Nineteenth-century painting. There are no Degas, Van Goghs, or Toulouse-Lautrecs; Renoir is poorly represented and there is only one Manet. Yet, if one excepts the exhibition of Courtauld pictures, this is the most important show of its kind we have had since the National Gallery display of Impressionists seven years ago. Not only is the quality of nearly every picture extremely high, but also none of them is familiar, and with the exception of a remarkable early Forain (No. 30) they are all characteristic works.

The pictures (all from English collections) also reveal the bias of our native taste. This is for landscapes, preferably the lyrical and the vernal. I found myself longing for figures to fill these country roads, landscapes, villages. These shimmering vistas need to be visited; only the *plages* are peopled. All the same, how very good these landscapes are! Where could one find a better Monet of this period, the 70's, than the *Voilier à Argenteuil* (No. 8)—except perhaps in the Louvre which owns the *Régates* that so closely resembles it—or a more magical Sisley than the aquamarine snow scene (No. 11), whose pale colours change as the sun moves? Sisley can be seen at his best in this exhibition. The *Rue de Village* (No. 15) has such qualities of paint and atmosphere, that one begins to wonder why Bonnard and Vuillard elaborated so much, when so much had been summarised in one corner of this picture. There are also a magnificent Corot landscape (No. 4), very green, under a Poussin blue sky, and far more lush than the usual sand-coloured land-

scapes of his early period: an exquisite Pissarro (No. 17): two excellent Boudins, of which the beautifully coloured *Jetée de Trouville* (No. 1) is as good as anything this painter ever did: a very interesting and important little Delacroix *La Mort du Hassan* (No. 9), and many other remarkable works. The only Manet (No. 3) is disappointing, because of its rather incoherent composition. Baudelaire complained of the Barbizon school and others, that they used Nature like a dictionary from which they took words, only to dress them up in false sentiments. These pictures are a triumphant vindication of his view that the painter should, on the contrary, try to extract every drop of poetry from a landscape and crystallise it on a canvas. No school did this more satisfactorily than the Impressionists. In contrast, the work of their English contemporaries seems so many cracker scraps.

At the Guildhall we have an exhibition of the Hague and Amsterdam Impressionists. Some of these considerably affected the style of Van Gogh (Mauve was his master, and Breitner his friend), so one expected the pictures to be interesting, if not of the highest quality. Not a bit of it. This very poor showing may be the fault of the selectors. (Only one comparatively unimportant Mauve is included, and Jongkind is represented by four indifferent watercolours.) Hardly any of these grim, monotonous pictures, which seem executed in farmyard mud, rise above the level of the more offensively unacademic Chantrey purchases (for example, Lucy Kemp-Welch's cavalry charges), which they so strongly influenced. What Van Gogh wrote about Breitner applies to nearly all of them:

> When his work is good, it looks like a hasty thing of Vierge [the draughtsman of *Illustration*], but when his work is too hasty or unfinished, then it is hard to say what it looks like—unless strips of old faded wallpaper from I don't know what period, but at all events a very strange one and probably very long ago.

Finally the Victorian Romantics, with which the Leicester Gallery follow up two previous exhibitions of nineteenth-century English painting. The collection starts in the shadow of Blake, with Palmer, Richmond and Calvert. Later we get Dadd, Solomon, Watts, Shannon and Conder among many others, and of course the Pre-Raphaelites. These last predominate; and although it is now fashionable to praise them unreservedly, I find that this requires a negation of taste, a suspension of all feeling for qualities of painting, drawing, colour and design. No, if one is going to bother with this sort of *kitsch*, I prefer the Trivial or the Mad. I would rather have pretty gem-coloured pictures by Egg or Burgess or Frith; at least they are free of all philosophical pretensions, even if their realism is blurred by a glossy Romantic varnish. As long as we enjoy them on the level of other Victoriana—pinchbeck jewellery, shell-flowers, beadwork hassocks, mother-o'-pearl furniture—they please. Can one rate them higher? Of the two mad painters represented in this exhibition, I prefer Dadd to Martin. Martin has recently been grossly over-praised; his manner now seems stale and histrionic, his painting merely slick. There is none of "Mad" Martin's fake theatricalism in Dadd's work. A genuine lunacy gave his mediocre equipment a far sharper edge; he did not have to force mad effects. Richard Dadd came of an artistic family, which also produced Kate Greenaway. On a visit to the Near East in 1842, his brain became affected by the sun, and he returned to England to be cared for by his father. This sun-stroke brought to the surface a latent Oedipus complex, and a year later he murdered his father. A list of several names, headed by Frith, all of whom he also intended to murder, was found on him, when he was arrested. Throughout a life imprisonment in Bedlam and Broadmoor, he continued to paint; certainly the best picture in this exhibition is his *Portrait of a Young Man* (No. 64), possibly his great friend Edward Oxford, who attempted to murder Queen Victoria. The picture of this flat, moon-faced creature, perched on a rustic bench, is well-painted in a sly, decorative way, rather like some Derains. Dadd is the only one of these Victorians to do without the prettifying veils of sentiment, which cloud the others' pictures. How astringent the French seem beside all this! When Conder tries to do a Monet in lavender and viridian fuzz (No. 103), we realise just how wide the gap across the Channel can be.

JOHN RICHARDSON

## THE MOVIES

### "Whisky Galore!" at the Gaumont
### "Christopher Columbus," at the Odeon
### "The Last Laugh" and "Champion Charlie," at the Everyman

EALING Studios, which recently diverted us with *Passport to Pimlico*, now goes fun-seeking a little farther afield—to the Outer Hebrides, in fact. I doubt if you will find Todday on the map; the name is part of a prolonged chuckle over the idea of a Scottish isle going dry; but the place is real enough, and quite half the pleasure of *Whisky Galore!* resides in its unobtrusive sightseeing. Atlantic rollers, the quayside where the steamer calls once or twice a month, the single flinty street, the prim kirk above, hills, sheep and clouds behind: authenticity of this kind brings its own reward. The makers of *Whisky Galore!* have planted themselves on the spot; and once there, they haven't succumbed to the holy awe or the unholy melodrama that usually overtakes such journeys. No unappeasable seducer is pecked to death by sea-gulls, and no clansman goes on playing the pipes till the waters close over his head. All is life-size and neat and humorously normal on Todday; or would be if, by the rigors of war, the islanders hadn't been calamitously cut off from their supply of whisky.

They are in a state of mourning. The joke for some little time is so funereal that it communicates hardly a grin, until a boat comes to grief on the rocks with untold wealth of spirits aboard. Then the natives begin to hop and plot, the fun flows, and the only Englishman on the island (who other than Mr. Basil Radford?) quickly gets the worst of it from all quarters. As local commander of the Home Guard he feels it his duty to set a guard over the treasure in the bay; soon a reveller lies sprawled on the sands, the dying have risen from their beds, there are late jigs in the post-office and every hiding-place from a baby's cradle to a roof-gutter contains its precious bottle. Once set going, the joke rolls nicely downhill like a hoop kept well in hand.

I don't consider *Whisky Galore!* as funny a film as *Passport to Pimlico*, but it is certainly better made. There is the scenery, and the people (an altogether admirable cast) to match it; the script-writers, Compton Mackenzie and Angus Macphail, understress their comedy, thus giving it less abandon but more shape; and the direction of Alexander Mackendrick not only accommodates the eye but more than once raises a good capering sequence. The whole film, indeed, is modestly enjoyable, and a most happy development from that documentary faithfulness which has been the pigeon of Ealing Studios.

*Christopher Columbus*, another English film, is just a long, long bore in Technicolor. Its only originality is the suggestion that Columbus, gallantly but unavailingly played by Mr. Fredric March, introduced the American accent to America. Having dawdled through the courts and dragged across the oceans, it finally explodes in a death-bed scene that might be a vulgar parody of the epilogue in *St. Joan*: various ghosts from the film give an encouraging pat to the dying man, and then the voices of Lincoln and Roosevelt welcome him into the future. So his soul goes sailing on, pom, pom.


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It is twenty-five years since F. W. Murnau's *The Last Laugh* captured audiences with its style and the spectacle of Emil Jannings as the gilded, umbrella-wielding commissionaire degraded to lavatory attendant. The film tells its anecdote in the grand manner, using a mobile camera and no captions, and can still excite pleasure and curiosity. It was well worth reviving. Camera style, however, is no preservative of films, and there is more appeal in the inherent stylishness of *Champion Charlie* (1915). Chaplin has the last laugh.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

### "Let Wives Tak Tent," at the Embassy

If *Tartuffe*, in Siberian, sheds new light for tribesmen on their *shamans*, *L'Ecole Des Femmes* in Scots may shed new light on the noticeably high percentage of middle-aged Scotsmen who either never marry, or marry late and with anxiety. Robert Kemp's version is an adaptation not a close translation. Of the three jokes which Molière himself tells us some of his audience found in bad taste (*enfants faits par l'oreille*, *tarte a la creme*, and *potage*), one has been discarded and one made tame. The third re-acquires that peasant directness which jolted French society, and which in the English word "soup" would merely sound clever: "Woman, in a mainner o speakan, is man's boul o broth." This directness, apparently quite intelligible to the audience at the Embassy Theatre, is not limited to words. Mr. Kemp has turned Walter (=*Horace*) from a Congreve maquereau into a Goldsmith young hero. Where Molière's Agnès wrote "*Si vous me trompiez, . . . j'en mourrais de déplaisir*" (perfect blende of *ingénue* and Society girl), Kemp's Agnes ends: "I would die of a broken heart," as maybe a Scottish girl might today.

In John Casson's hands this romantic tendency becomes the essence of the production. Duncan Macrae, delightful as a comedian, is not allowed to show the deeper side of Mr. Oliphant (=*Arnolphe*) in that dignified pathos his Glasgow audience knows. Yet the transplanting to Edinburgh, even if a somewhat Glaswegian Edinburgh, creates something new, and Scottish. Real Scots characters spring to life. Grace, repose, and an ability to think while acting, make the small figure of Miss Gudrun Ure a more than worthy successor to Miss Rona Anderson. Mr. Casson's pretty interludes to music (modifying the multitude of *actions par récits*) are ingenious, like his use of the solid Canongate set. It is good to find the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre taking a step forward to a really Scottish theatre.

### Ganymed Facsimiles, at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1

The Ganymed Press exhibits a series of some thirty facsimiles, as they rightly call them, of watercolours and drawings. They have started with three series, one for the Tate Gallery, one for the British Council and one of Contemporary Sculptors' Drawings. Blake, Turner, Klee, Cotman, Cézanne, Moore, Gainsborough and Picasso are only some of the artists from whom the work has been chosen. In every case, except perhaps the Turner (only a third proof), fidelity is so close as to be deceptive. Behind glass it is quite impossible to tell the copy from the original unless there are surface variations of texture, caused by thick paint as in the Giacometti; or by the scraped surface of the paper, as in the Samuel Palmer. The collotype process, which achieves such realistic effects, was applied before the war by the late Julius Meier Graefe for his reproductions of Impressionist watercolours and drawings—his folio of Cézanne watercolours will be remembered as a technical miracle. To have the same facilities in this country is invaluable. These prints will be of enormous help in the teaching of art and to education generally; they go a long way towards realising those ideals of "serial art" which Ozenfant preached. Up till now we may have felt that the place for nearly all reproductions was in the portfolio—never on the wall. A Vermeer reduced to a tenth of its size or a crusty Van Gogh reproduced on shiny art paper may be useful for reference purposes, but framed they are pointless. However, these facsimiles are on an entirely different level. Their veracity and the fact that they never try to reproduce a texture which they cannot simulate, makes them the equivalent, if not the equal, of the works of art they represent.

# Correspondence

## HUMANISM

SIR,—Dr. Joad has given us a good account of Sir Walter Moberley's critical analysis of University life. But it seems to me that he fails completely to realise the significance of Sir Walter's plea for Christianity, and the substitute he offers is indeed not bread but a stone. I am wholly in favour of a general course including philosophy, not only in Universities, but also in the Sixth Forms of schools, but to believe, as Dr. Joad appears to believe, that in relation to the great problem, it will "do the trick," is to display surprising naïveté.

Dr. Joad makes assumptions that a teacher could have "got away with" in, say, 1910, but which have since been subjected to severe criticism by those engaged on educational research. To say that any particular study will "give the power of concentrated thought" is to go right back to the discredited faculty psychology and to assume the automatic transfer of training. Does Dr. Joad really believe that a course in the classics or philosophy will give a sense of perspective and relative values, polish and refinement to the mind, ability to "get up" any subject and give clear orders? This is enough to make any professor of education weep at the thought of his wasted years.

If psychology has taught us anything in relation to education it is that the determinants of outlook, attitude, values and all those other things that we are concerned about in a fully developed personality, lie far deeper than anything that can be found in a particular study or the exercise of the intellect. It is for this reason that Dr. Joad's alternative to Sir Walter Moberley's suggestions seems so trivial. Even if one is led to reject—which I am not—Sir Walter's plea for religion and Christianity, at least it must be granted to him that he is concerned with the depths of personality and the springs of human behaviour. To believe that the intellect can be trained independently of these, or that they can be reached through intellectual training, is illusory.

Looking back on the past, Dr. Joad is aware that many great men have been students of the classics. Does he tend, therefore, to argue that the study of the classics confers greatness? This would be an obvious fallacy. A whole complex of factors, social and historical, can be adduced to explain the concomitance.

When he pleads for a knowledge of the thought of Greece and Rome, I agree. But is he unaware of the profound and pervasive influence of the Jewish religious genius, through Christianity, on the pattern and standards of Western civilisation? Without it, the contributions of Greece and Rome would have been sterile. His omission of this is significant.

By Dr. Joad's method we may indeed produce "round" men; men who can talk knowledgeably, who have everything at their finger tips. But they may be hollow. All our attempts to combat the evils of specialisation will come to nought if we forget that we need men of personal and spiritual substance. Our round man, in face of the severe demands of the world, may prove no more enduring than a ping-pong ball.

KENNETH C. BARNES

Wennington School,
Wetherby, Yorks.

## TIED COTTAGES

SIR,—I hope you will be kind enough to grant a hearing to people who, as landlords or tenants, have the ill-luck to find themselves at the other end of Mr. Parsons's stick.

1. Three years ago the company of which I am a director acquired a property with six cottages, all badly needed for members of its staff. We were fortunate to inherit only two tenants. One was a wartime evacuee from London, and the other a skilled man working for a local building firm. They were paying rents of 4*s.* a week. Short-handed in our food production drive, we made desperate efforts for months to find alternative accommodation for the evacuee, and finally, with great reluctance, we sought to obtain an Order for Possession. It was refused. Moral: even a landlord with a strong case doesn't always get it his own way.

2. The same company is the tenant of a farm, and the farm has a farmhouse. It's tied all right—in knots. At some previous time it was divided, like Gaul, into three parts; so our working foreman and his family uncomfortably occupy one-third of a home, with half of which they would be well content. Again, the other two tenants are nothing to do with our landlord, but there is nowhere else for them to go.

3. This landlord, a good man, who is in the habit of building first-class cottages and letting them at rents of 5*s.* a week, has recently applied for a licence to build eleven pairs, and been granted a licence to build two, for no better reason than that tied cottages are frowned upon by folk of Mr. Parsons' kidney. Meanwhile the Rural District Council, after a series of fantastic delays, is just completing three pairs of untied cottages which it is going to let at rents of 25*s.* a week. That is over a quarter of a farm worker's income. Moral: when you strangle geese who lay golden eggs, somebody has to pay through the nose for it—usually the working man for whose supposed benefit the ingenious bird was slain.

In his penultimate paragraph Mr. Parsons becomes very emotional. It is a crime, he says, that a man and his family can be turned out of house and home merely because he has lost his job. Yet it happens, once in every five years or so, to the Prime Minister of England; and is liable to happen at any time to a great many soldiers, sailors, business executives, civil servants, schoolmasters, and all sorts of other people whose houses go with their jobs, including farmers, clergymen, commissars and kings.

Come, let's look at the matter sensibly. No farmer in these days is going to sack a good worker; they have a scarcity value. And if he replaces a bad 'un with a better, is it reasonable to compel him to keep the one on his doorstep, while the other makes a journey of perhaps three or four miles in all weathers, to a job that starts as like as not at five or six o'clock in the morning? The worker himself has few doubts on the subject, as anyone can discover by looking at the "Situations Wanted" columns in a farming paper. He demands on-the-spot accommodation. That gives his employer economic and moral power? It does. It also lays on both of them economic and moral responsibility.

JOHN GUINNESS

Chiddingstone, Kent.

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SIR,—I was annoyed to read Sheila Newsome's bland assertion that the criterion by which the tied cottage system is to be judged is that of whether or not it helps production. It does not matter, then, that farm-workers must submit to eviction without the provision of alternative accommodation at the whim of the farmer, must hold openly no political opinions which might conflict with those of their employer, and must refrain from such dangerous practices as union activity which might lead to dismissal and eviction? All humane considerations must be brushed aside in the interests of production. It is a viewpoint which a century and a half ago led to the squalor and misery of the industrial revolution.

But even more intensely must I protest against the inference contained in the same letter that the farmers are beginning to vote for the Labour Party. On the contrary, the greater the benefits conferred upon the farmers by the Labour Government, the greater and more aggressive has been their anti-Labour Party activity. Has Sheila Newsome analysed the recent County Council election results in the rural areas? In Essex, every *rural* Labour seat was lost, and the contests were decided in the main by two adverse factors. These were (a) the astonishing amount of political activity indulged in by the farmers against the Labour candidates, and (b) the subtle intimidation of electors in areas where the only Labour support could come from workers living in tied cottages. Labour supporters would do well to ponder upon these facts.

W. F. QUIN

Saffron Walden D.L.P. *Hon. Secretary*

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SIR,—The practical reason given by Eileen Guy for the retention of the tied cottage will not withstand much scrutiny.

Many former skilled agricultural workers in this area do a daily journey up to forty miles in order to work in factories, and the reason for them so doing is in the better pay and working conditions so obtained. It is reasonable to assume that they would be prepared to forgo their daily journey if like conditions obtained on the farm. Thus a further evil of the tied cottage is brought to light in the way in which it has been used to depress working conditions.

It often happens that a highly skilled man is forced by circumstances to inhabit a tied cottage on an old-fashioned ill-mechanised farm where his skill cannot be adequately utilised. This results in his own and the country's pecuniary loss because he cannot work on the more up-to-date farm across the way. The tied cottage in this instance insures the farmer against labour shortage no matter how ill he farms or how bad his conditions of employment are.

The farmer must be protected from bad workmanship, and the abolition of the tied cottage will protect the farmworker from the bad farmer and the bad employer.

M. MADDEN

Oxon. N.U.A.W. *County Secretary*

## DENTISTS' FEES

SIR,—The dentists' fees under the National Health Service rest on the assumption that overhead charges accrue at a fixed rate of 52 per cent. of the gross takings.

I am surprised that no economist or cost accountant has yet pointed out the fallacy of a fixed rate. In the dentists' cost accounting, there is a large proportion of fixed charges, such as rent (or capital charges) and rates for the surgery; capital charges and depreciation in respect of equipment; salaries of nurse and mechanic; cost of heating; etc. With increasing

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"output" or chair-hours, the percentage overheads will, therefore, fall steeply, and it is misleading to use a rate of 52 per cent. in connection with the fantastic gross incomes of numbers of dentists.

Knowledge of marginal costing should lead to the realisation that, barring a two-part structure (fixed annual payment, plus fees for work actually carried out), the adoption of a sliding scale is perfectly justified.

P. SCHILLER

## DOCTORS AND SPONGERS

SIR,—While everybody connected with the National Health Service is aware that the cost is mounting and will continue to do so for a long while yet, I am surprised that no one so far has pointed out an obvious way of saving perhaps millions on the Health Bill. This is to restrict all prescriptions to those in the National Formulary. These cover all ordinary forms of treatment; a few B.P. preparations not in the Formulary might be added. This is what happens in the N.Z. Health Service where there is a Schedule of Drugs and Prescriptions and only these may be dispensed under the Health Service. There is no reason why the same thing shouldn't be done here. The medical profession would support such a scheme; for years they've been campaigning against patent medicines. The dispensing chemists would be only too pleased. It would simplify their work, their accounting, lessen their running expenses and obviate carrying on their shelves vast stocks of proprietary medicines. For example, take the case of the barbiturates. Most chemists have to have in stock over fifty different proprietary preparations, each of which costs three or more times as much as the half dozen B.P. preparations. It would also mean an enormous saving in the cost of clerical assistance in the Health Dept. pricing bureaux, not to mention the saving in man-power.

"MEDICO"

## RADIO CRITICISM

SIR,—Your radio critic, Mr. Mark Ogilvie, calls for a "bold bandying of vigorous opinions" in "The Critics" programme of the B.B.C. As a dramatist who has lately suffered from Frank O'Connor's vigorous opinions in that same programme I am all for a little more bold bandying, if that implies the same vigour in defence of a play as in its condemnation. But if, as in their treatment of my adaptation of *Ann Veronica*, now running at the Piccadilly Theatre, it means that one man does all the bandying, accompanied by the sycophantic giggles of the other critics, with no opposition other than the lukewarm, if gallant, interpolations of the film critic—who obviously didn't like the play very much—then I hold that "The Critics" programme, so far as the theatre is concerned, had better restrain its vigour.

It is true that the B.B.C. had the courtesy to erase from the recording some of the grosser mis-statements of fact when the programme was repeated. But the damage had been done on the Sunday morning, when listeners throughout the country—shall we say five million of them?—were warned that the play was a kind of menace to the commonweal. This was not presented as the opinion of one man, as is the traditional practice in dramatic criticism, but with the spurious imitation of a committee decision. The play, which had successfully weathered the critics of the press, most of them favourable—although one of the B.B.C. critics stated that it had been "damned generally" and "got bad notices"—was doing well, and attracting large and friendly audiences. In the third week of its run came the torpedo from the uninvited B.B.C. critics, and a sensational nose-dive at the box-office. As I am a prejudiced person it is not for me to judge whether this is a good or a bad thing, but I do submit that the B.B.C. has introduced an important new hazard into the already uncertain world of the theatre. The problem of a great public corporation using its unparalleled power of publicity to condemn a very sensitive kind of private enterprise is an ethical one which I hope worries the B.B.C. authorities as much as it does the West End Theatre Managers.

I defend Mr. O'Connor's right to free and fair criticism—even unfair criticism if he must. I defend his Irish accent—which is that blasting blood-curdling sort that professional Irishmen use on the English, and never at home. I defend Mr. O'Connor as an entertainment, but, as a colleague in show-business, I regret that he must be entertaining at the expense of a rival show. I defend his vigour, his violence and his venom and, knowing something of the history of Irish dramatic criticism, I am grateful that the seats of the Piccadilly Theatre remain intact. What I complain of is that a critic of his calibre should be let loose in a "debate" with no opposition—the other critics were of necessity amateurs where the theatre is concerned. Your own theatre critic commended the play as "a satisfying evening." Harold Hobson called it "a skilful episodic play providing an evening of varied and intelligent entertainment." Alan Dent called it "a thoroughly rewarding evening in the theatre." (I will not use your space unfairly, Mr. Editor, with the less sober quotations, for which see small ads.)

Now although our play is once more attracting large audiences, having recovered from the attack by the B.B.C.—and incidentally *delighting* large audiences, if that matters to the B.B.C. critics, one of whom was heard to say last Sunday, "I suppose audiences *are* important in the theatre"—yet at the same time I would prefer not to let bygones be bygones, and I support your radio critic in asking for a thorough revision of "The Critics" programme. Bandy vigorous opinions by all means, but let the bandyers be well-chosen and well-matched. The programme is prepared and recorded beforehand. Let the B.B.C. adopt the editorial responsibility and tradition of reputable English newspapers when they enter the field of dramatic criticism.

Beaconsfield, Bucks. RONALD GOW

## THE SNAKE PIT

SIR,—I feel that I must add some comment to the remarks of your correspondent "X" regarding Mental Hospitals and the film *The Snake Pit*, and the "conditions due for reform."

As a State Registered Mental Nurse (though no longer practising), I have had some considerable experience of these places, and the arduous and heart-breaking efforts of younger nurses hindered by difficult and old-fashioned Ward and Administrative Sisters, who mostly dislike their work and are tied to it by the shadow of an insecure and lonely old age, alleviated only by the Superannuation Pension. To these folk, the ideal ward is one in which the floor is polished to a mirror-like perfection (both patients and staff being made to walk around the edges), where the "worker patients" are scrubbing, cleaning, and mending, and the "lost patients" (non-workers) are sitting quietly in rows against the walls until it is time to put them to bed; or else being dragged around the "Courts" by young probationers whose only wish is to get off duty as soon as possible.

Some of my own experiences in "chronic" wards would hardly have tended to make one show sympathy and help towards these unfortunate beings. Shall I ever forget the young girl who spat in my face every time I went near her, and then complained to the Sister that I hadn't given her her breakfast, after she had thrown it at my rapidly vanishing back? Sister told me I was not to be spiteful towards patients I didn't like! Or the one who begged the Matron, on her daily round, to allow her to have her shutters opened so that she could have fresh air and sunshine in her room, and broke fourteen panes of glass immediately the Matron was safely out of the ward.

I spent nine months more or less alone, on a Wing leading off a large ward, containing thirteen rooms, of which four were padded, and all the patients violent at one time or another. I was only removed after I completely lost my nerve after being attacked and bitten and scratched almost daily. None of *my* patients were ever doped into semi-consciousness by women of brutish aspect. I would have had far less bruises and lost fewer handfuls of hair!

The difficulties in treatment due to old-fashioned buildings, and out-moded attitudes, as well as the shortage of the right type of young women (and men) for training, have been discussed many times. Perhaps the National Health Service will in time provide Out-Patient Clinics in abundance, and beautiful new buildings where people will go willingly and without fear for treatment, where "difficult chronics" can live as normal a life as possible, and "not so difficult" ones can go out to work under supervision (as has already been done successfully in one hospital). Early cases should be treated and then followed up by Psychiatric Social Workers who make sure that patients do not return to the conditions that made them ill in the first place.

During the war I was evacuated with some patients to a Private Mental Hospital in delightful countryside. The building was beautiful. The gardens, the library, the hairdressing salon, the dental clinic, the food—all were superb. I was shown round with pride by a young doctor. "But where," I said, "are your treatment clinics?" He looked puzzled. "Treatment clinics? But this is a *Private* Hospital. These people pay guineas a week to stay here. We don't give them any *treatment*."

Well, I'd rather work for the muddle-headed County Council any time. For all its faults, it does try.

G. H.

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SIR,—Your correspondent X is under a misapprehension. Netherne Hospital which I described is not a private institution; it is a public mental hospital under the National Health Service.

RITCHIE CALDER

## DREAM SENSE

SIR,—After reading the result of your Competition on dream productions, I dreamed last night to the following effect:

My mind was revolving round the phrase: "The event precedes the event." I explained this to myself somewhat as follows. The event is always one beat ahead. Surely (I thought) this is an interesting confirmation of the time experiments of Soa and Rhine. Precognition is hard to accept, being contrary to causality, but it is no longer irrational if events are *always* one jump ahead of the immediate moment.

And still in my dream state I wondered if I had hit upon an epoch-making discovery. And I awoke wondering. What, after all, is the NOW? Would some philosopher kindly reply?

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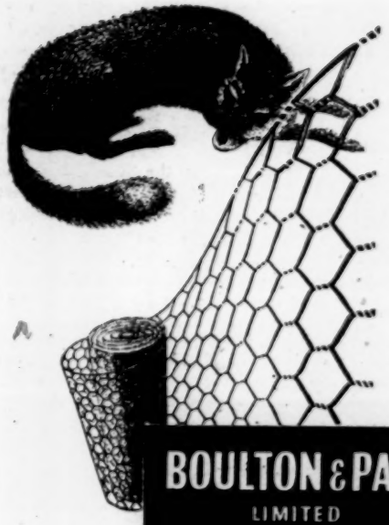

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is something queerly wrong with Leslie's *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable**—it is difficult to say precisely what. The book is everything it sets out to be, a good workmanlike biographical job which tells you where Constable went, where he painted, what he knew, who his friends were, what happened to him, and how his painting developed. It has moreover the attractive qualities of honesty, loyalty, and friendship written all over it. But all the same it is a dead book; this sober, industrious, family man, with a strong vein of priggishness (of Sir Thomas Lawrence's Raphael drawings, "They inspire, they do more, they inform") is not cred b'e. The truth apparently is that Constable was not at all what Leslie devotedly made him out to be, he was an eighteenth-century character, and Leslie made him over into a Victorian character—probably without knowing what he was doing. Leslie came to know Constable late in his life, he was a much younger man, an expatriate American, and he knew next door to nothing of the manners and morals of eighteenth-century England. He was, when he had converted himself from young Mr. Leslie of Philadelphia into Mr. Leslie, R.A., of the Edgware Road, entirely a Victorian Englishman, rather more so than any Englishman could be since he was unencumbered by links with the old order. Admittedly he was born while his American parents were in England, but he passed the critical years of adolescence, when, in spite of one's wild gestures of rebellion and dissent, one accepts so much, in what was, so far as his adult life was concerned, an alien setting.

Leslie slipped into English life naked of its habits and prejudices and so succumbed utterly to the new nonconformist spirit which is called Victorian because it came into its own in the opening years of her reign. Constable, on the other hand, was twenty-four at the turn of the century, and his mind was wholly formed under the old order. When Leslie wrote the *Memoirs* in the Forties the reliques of that order were rapidly passing away. Turner, a perfectly straightforward eighteenth-century character, was already a mysterious anachronism, and other such hangers-on of the older time, like Surtees, felt acutely out of place. Turner was good enough, Puggy Booth or not, to be house guest of the Leconfields at Petworth, and was quite good enough for old Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin, but that typical middle-class climber Effie Ruskin knew better. "Some," she wrote when he was safely dead and no longer worth toadying to, "are anxious for (John Ruskin) to write Turner's life but he thinks not, and I dissuade him from it as what is known of Turner would not be profitable to any Lady . . . the sooner they make a myth of him the better." Perhaps that phrase, "profitable to any Lady," typical of the contemporary cant which had such a deep hold on Leslie, enables one to put a finger on the black spot on the *Memoirs*, the irrefutable proof that it has intellectual dry rot—it is all about a Constable that would be profitable to a Lady. The unprofitable figure which really existed was a pig-headed, rather stupid, extremely rough-tongued man, with a gift for the wounding phrase, and a delight in pursuing a grievance.

Leslie indeed told no lies in conjuring this figure out of existence; true to his period he did the work by omission and manœuvred the unprotected reader into fabricating the life for himself. He writes the *Memoirs* in a disarming form, a slender commentary linking Constable's letters, and letters from Constable's friends, so that one has a feeling of direct contact with Constable and his circle. But all Constable's coarse or bitter phrases are omitted, and so, too, are all those passages in which he manifests his rancorous and uneasy spirit. The extent to which Constable had been left out of the picture was something of a joke to his contemporaries, but it was only made altogether clear when in 1931 Leslie's grandson published eighty letters written to the painter by Constable, and when in 1937 Andrew Shirley produced an edition of the *Memoirs* with all the omissions restored. One would have thought that these two revelatory publications would have made it impossible to publish the *Memoirs* in its original form again; nevertheless, here it is, to humbug us as blandly as ever, innocent of index, notes, bibliography, or even a list of the painter's works and their whereabouts. However, the 1931 volume of letters is now unobtainable, and since all the copies of the 1937 edition that were unsold were burned in the great Simpkin Marshall fire, one must be grateful to the publishers for the only available account of Constable's life, even if it is so partial as to resemble one of Richmond's portraits.

What one can now see in Constable is a genius whose full development was inhibited by his provincialism and narrow-mindedness. The failure of his pictures and the success of his sketches are due to the essentially petty character of his mind; he could admirably perceive and express the personal impression, he wholly lacked the intellectual power to get beyond that. Fuseli asked for an umbrella before looking at Constable's pictures on one occasion; though thin, the joke has a cutting edge; many of them are concerned with things as evanescent as an April shower, they are not much more than notes of the look of a particular place in particular weather conditions. The arts, however, are not concerned with a simple acceptance of the chaotic accidents and appearances of life, they are concerned with a search for the natural order and the rhythms concealed beneath the confused surface. Constable takes no part in this magnificent research, he had not the mind for it, and, what is more, he had not the technical skill. Interesting things emerge if one studies his early work, his dreadful religious pictures, his portraits, and his drawings: one is forced to suspect that at the outset of his career he was held up by an inability to master the technique of linear drawing which all artists in the western tradition had until then used to analyse form, and that he developed a broad technique which enabled him to substitute the roughest of approximations for forms, anticipating in a remarkable way the late manner which Corot so disastrously acquired by poring over photographs. His anticipations of impressionism in the field of colour are less remarkable, being more apparent than real. His colours have a delicious suggestion of open-air freshness, they convey to perfection the restrained Quakerish lyricism of his joys, but they settle for something a great deal less interesting than the truth.

His influence abroad and on Delacroix in particular is considerably over-rated. Delacroix's feelings for English painting seem to have been as miscellaneously open-hearted as Odette de Crecy's feeling for things English; he gave C. R. Leslie and Holman Hunt more impressive tributes than he ever lavished on Constable. It is true that he repainted a picture of his own after looking at one of Constable's, but it seems to be true that he was impressed by the handling of the paint rather than by Constable's aims and achievement. The Impressionists found Constable interesting in much the same, incidental, way; they were looking for a technique that would enable them to exploit scientific theory about optics and they found Constable's method of handling paint suggestive. But they found him, as they found Turner, too ignorant of optics to be much real help. However, if he contributed nothing to Impressionism in its country of origin he contributed largely to its failure—if one can put it like that—in England. The damage was done when Impressionism was recognised, not as the application of scientific truths about light and vision to painting, but as a foreign version of the Constable school of landscape painting, differing from it only in its bolder use of colour. The tragi-comedy of the New English, and the Royal Academy in the last fifty years, can be summed up as the working out of this unfortunate mistake.

These may seem harsh words because one has become accustomed to the patriots booming the greatness of Constable, and because his captured instants are so delicious and pleasant that one feels they must be of great value. The status of the man becomes plainer when one compares his discoveries about landscape with those of the really great painters—whose knowledge in that matter is only a small part of their wealth. Rembrandt in particular is always exploring in his drawings. He was, one gathers, conscious of the northern weakness—the absence in his visual imagination of that noble, sculptured, quality which so often gives Mediterranean art a heart-lifting grandeur, and he worked hard at overcoming it, making elaborate analytic drawings from engravings of Italian pictures which he judged to have that largeness of scale. Constable, faced with the same difficulty, just gave up painting the kind of picture which called for nobility. When one sees a genius of Rembrandt's attainment going back to school in the full pride of his years of greatest achievement, one can understand what is meant by the humility of the artist. It is not a matter of doubting a gift, it is a matter of realising that one's experience of reality cannot be complete and that learning is a continuous process. Constable appears to have settled for his limited experience at a fairly early stage; it is as if he decided that he knew enough and need admit nothing more into his mind. Essentially all his pictures are of the same experience, a sense of well-being in a familiar landscape, and their small variations are due to his emotional ups and downs between joy and depression. In his last thirty years there is no growth, no enlargement, no enrichment. All this applies to the nightingale, of course, and one does not want the nightingale to take thought and move in the direction of the Beethoven posthumous quartets; one does not, however, call the nightingale a great musician. Constable's limited attack does do a great deal to lower painting to the level of bird song, of lyrical personal statement, and the word "great" seems inapplicable to his work for that reason. It seems inapplicable to him also, since when one allows for Leslie's suppressions and omissions, one is left with something disturbingly complacent and self-sufficient. He was indeed a portent—the archetype of the modern bohemian who stands with his back to the visible world and the universe expressing, in his personal idiom, his private problem and his private emotion. What a painter can express who does not draw on the knowledge expressed in the other arts, or on the accumulated experience of the past, amounts to very little, however agreeable, delightful, or pleasant it may be.

ANTHONY WEST

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The latter expressed no opinion, indeed had none.

"Come, my pretty," he said.

"Fourteen shillings," said Maria Shelley, looking at him over her pencil. "Of course, I am neglecting the pence."

Her husband repeated his words, neglecting the pounds and shillings also.

We are off again on the summer picnic party, choosing, no doubt, a new glade to set down the basket in, but a glade in the same wood, and under the same sky. We notice once again that the guests we know and like so well have unaccountably changed their names, yet they have not *radically* changed even them. Miss Compton-Burnett has the old-fashioned grace never to shock us by introducing an unsolicited innovation. She knows what we wish from her, and she knows that she can continue to provide it at the appropriate intervals. Among her devotees a sharp little appetite has been formed, although, perhaps, we recognise that it had begun to gnaw only when we open the first page of her new book. By the time we have reached the last page the appetite has been temporarily assuaged; we are able to wait patiently until she brings us the next meal.

Such pleasures are not to be under-estimated; but in our case that has never been the danger. In the fullness of a decent and legitimate gratitude we may, it now seems, have tended to make extravagant—or at any rate, irrelevant—claims for our benefactress. The pleasure is no less intense and no less precious than it was before, but it begins to define itself with a new sharpness. And this process of self-definition is also a process of self-limitation.

For example, we normally desire of a writer that he should develop, and by this we mean that in each new book he should attempt something which he had not attempted before. Unable to divest ourselves of this strenuous requirement, we tried to discover in Miss Compton-Burnett a subtle development which becomes less apparent with every new novel she produces. In fact I begin to suspect that she is content to do the same thing over and over again. There is a simple test of this. After finishing a novel by Miss Compton-Burnett we are conscious of satiety, and the attempt immediately to read another will quickly transform satiety into surfeit. *Three* consecutive meals—I have made the experiment—produce an unmistakable lassitude and biliousness. The experiment is a legitimate one, for there are many less skilful novelists who survive it.

Again, I am inclined to believe that we have ascribed to Miss Compton-Burnett a profundity of moral understanding which she does not in fact possess. We confused profundity with subtlety because we rightly recognised that they are far from being incompatible. Her moral vision is certainly clear and consistent, as well as subtle, but essentially it is a single, plain statement made in a field where the deeper truths seem always to be multiple and complex. Even the subtlety of her ethic lies in her method of demonstrating it rather than in the ethic itself. Hers is a black and white world. The villains are guilty of two obsessing vices from which their many minor unpleasantnesses flow: they are guilty of cruelty and of hypocrisy. Her heroes are kind and truthful; usually they are also possessed of a sort of self-deprecating astringency which wins them not only our admiration but our sympathy as well. I am not suggesting that the heroes and heroines never err—they could hardly retain our sympathy if that were so—but their errors, even when, as in this latest book, they are also crimes, are at worst pardonable, at best admirable. In fact the moral conflict in all these strange books is always stated in the same terms. The terms are exceedingly sympathetic, and Miss Compton-Burnett induces us to like and dislike her characters with an almost fanatical passion. We long for the good to be rewarded and the bad to be punished, and we are bitterly disappointed when, as so often, our longing remains cruelly unsatisfied. But this sort of partisanship is not, in its final analysis, different from the enthusiasm with which we greeted every recurring triumph of Bull-dog Drummond over Carl Petersen. Certainly it is a keener partisanship, since we are able to admire the good characters in Compton-Burnett far more thoroughly than we can admire Drummond. But simple partisanship is not the emotion that we feel when our moral emotions are most deeply disturbed. It is not the emotion which is aroused by *Crime and Punishment*, or even by *Les Faux Monnayeurs*. (Such comparisons would be absurd if our previous claims had been less flamboyant.)

In the fullest sense of the word, Miss Compton-Burnett is a wit, and even if she is nothing more, the fullest sense of the word implies a great deal. Not only is her whole *œuvre* a vast collection of aphorisms, epigrams and ripostes, but all these single and scintillating manifestations of her wit are enclosed in the framework of an undeviating but humane morality. Her four or five recurring characters have no "life," either in a realist or in any other sense, and all her books are severely two-dimensional. The complex melodrama of her plots is, to her admirers, an essential item on the menu; we roll these plots round our tongues with the artful appreciation of an epicure. But they do not harrow us or purge us; and we live in a sad age when not to be harrowed is not to be wholly won. We can only give full admiration where we have ourselves been given pain. Nor is


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this demand so perverted as it might seem in this bare form. In so far as she fails to disturb us, Miss Compton-Burnett fails.

*Two Worlds and Their Ways* differs in no essential from its predecessors. It is among the gentler, the less ferocious of her novels, and there is no character here on a monumental scale of villainy. Against the real wishes of their parents, two children are despatched to boarding schools. In order to satisfy the high demands made on them by their mother, they both cheat at their lessons and are withdrawn after the first term. The parents, already uneasy at their treatment of their children, are convicted of grave errors in their own lives, and the book ends on a general note of sadder wisdom and of humility. Nearly all the usual ingredients are here; a jewel is stolen and two illegitimate relationships emerge; the children talk like witty adults; hypocrisy trails its ugly track from one end to the other of the complicated story. She has done it again, and we shall say our grace after this new meal with the same fervour as before. I am left in the quiet hope that there are many more meals in store for us, but also in a state of agreeable repletion and in amiable resignation to the usual decent interval of fasting. PHILIP TOYNBEE

## INDIVIDUALISM

**Individualism and Economic Order.** By F. A. HAYEK. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Alternative to Serfdom.** By J. M. CLARKE. *Blackwell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Hayek, the high priest of modern liberal dogma, has come a long way in the last five years. There was a time when he tried to be more radical than the English liberals—and more English. His earlier writings have been in the tradition of Benthamite utilitarianism, salted with a rather more sophisticated economics. Although *The Road to Serfdom* was a Continental nightmare that could only have been dreamed by someone who lacked the "feel" of English politics, the arguments it presented were derived from Bentham and Mill, while its over-simplifications were characteristic of the utilitarian school. A later Bentham might well have assumed, as Hayek did, that Socialism was a species of some comprehensive and sinister Hegelian collectivism, and have failed to understand the diverse sources of Socialist theory or the *ad hoc* methods of Labour politics. But from his grounds, such as they were, Professor Hayek adopted a rational approach to his subject. He defended the price system as the most efficient way of organising economic activity; he advocated a system of private enterprise as the best guarantee of personal liberty; and he pointed out the dangers of allowing the power of the State to increase. But in the first essay of *Individualism and Economic Order* he announces a revolutionary change of front. He deliberately takes up what he chooses to call an "antirationalistic" position, from which he argues that the price mechanism is good because it is an "unconscious" way of organising society, and that Socialism is bad because it is a conscious and rational attempt to redesign the organic structure of social institutions. The utilitarian tradition which has guided him for so many years is explicitly rejected in favour of a mystic sociology which is attributed indiscriminately to Adam Smith, de Tocqueville and, above all, to Burke.

It is hard at first to understand what Burke has to do with a defence of the price mechanism. Mr. Hayek manages to bring him into the argument by treating the price mechanism as an institution which achieves its results unconsciously, and Burke, so the reasoning goes, was always an advocate of social arrangements which achieved their ends without conscious design. The market, according to Mr. Hayek, is an effective way of making man take part in a process more complex and extended than he can comprehend, and it is through the market that he is made to contribute to ends which are no part of his purpose. Order is achieved by "the spontaneous collaboration of free men." The adjustment to impersonal market forces may be unpleasant but that is the price of freedom. The threat to freedom arises from man's craving to understand and control forces to which he should submit without question.

What Mr. Hayek does not understand is that the naked market is a far greater threat to freedom than a measure of planning and a few controls. It may be inconvenient that men should have a sense of justice, but the fact remains that they do; and there comes a point at which they refuse to tolerate its rape by market forces. There are a large number of human qualities which have no place in "the market," and that is why the price mechanism is an inadequate foundation for society. It is not a way of life, but a means of getting things done. Twentieth-century discontent arises from the unsatisfactory nature of the relationships into which we are called by the forces of the market. Sound and permanent social relationships do not grow out of the market, but in spite of it. If in fact life in England has not the unpleasant characteristics of what Dr. Alex Comfort has called a "telephone exchange" civilisation, it is because the price system is clogged and softened by the general acceptance of the gentleman's code of conduct. There is the gentleman's agreement between producers not to spoil each other's business—only cads cut prices—and the gentleman's agreement between workers not to do each other out of a job by working too hard. An old country will not tolerate the abstention from satisfactory social relationships which "the market" would enforce if it could. Mr. Hayek does well to remind us that it is a strain to be free; all the more reason to reduce that strain to tolerable proportions, if freedom is to retain its attractions for the bulk of mankind. Mr. Hayek believes that the market has the advantage over planning that it can be worked by limited and fallible human beings, but he fails to consider that these same slow and primitive creatures are ill suited to bear the insecurity and stress of a system which can throw two million men out of work in a few weeks. Mr. Hayek would call in vain on Edmund Burke, his new-found authority, for a defence of a system of organising society which requires the destruction of every kind of social tie if it is to work properly. One might view Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* as a horrified reaction against the extension of the market to include the crown, church and aristocracy of France. But Burke is altogether odd intellectual company for Mr. Hayek. One wonders how the author of *The Road to Serfdom* interprets Burke's lyrical panegyric of the State as "a partnership between those who are living, those who are dead and those who are to be born." Indeed, one might recommend a course of Burke, not to encourage but to restrain those economists who are intoxicated by the formal beauty and wondrous harmony of the price mechanism. This country would benefit from a relaxation of control and sharper competition in business, but it is distasteful to imagine a society organised to offer the least resistance to the working of the price system. It is time to call a halt to the current worship of the market amongst economists; they would do well to take their science with a grain of salt.

Less sensational in their implications, but perhaps more valuable, are Mr. Hayek's essays on the methodology of economics, and on the nature of the facts dealt with by the social sciences. The essay on "The Meaning of Competition" emphasises the value of competition which is not adequately appreciated by either Right- or Left-wing politicians. Mr. Hayek also points out that the argument in favour of competition does not rest on the conditions that would exist if it were perfect; indeed, the important thing to ensure is not that competition should be perfect, but that it should exist at all. The essay on "Socialist Calculation" reprinted in this book first appeared in 1935, but it is still an anti-Socialist classic.

*Alternative to Serfdom* is an inadequate answer to *The Road to Serfdom*. It has neither the force nor the coherence of Mr. Hayek's brilliant polemic, because it tries to cover too much ground. "The art of being a bore is to try and say everything," and Professor Clarke manages to be dull through suggesting too many inconclusive lines of argument. He does not try to answer the logic of the liberal argument, but avoids it by discussing biology, psychology and social forces which were not even considered in the metaphysic of Mr. Hayek's rational period. One is, nevertheless, glad to find that he believes in the value of conscious action, and has no preference for ordering society by myth and ritual magic. PETER SOVREN

## THE TRUTH ABOUT ROSSETTI

**Dante Gabriel Rossetti.** By HELEN ROSSETTI ANGELI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Mrs. Angeli intends her book to be a crushing retort to those irreverent persons, such as Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Miss Violet Hunt, who in comparatively recent years have dared to cast aspersions on her uncle. She has rewritten the life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to prove that he was not a quarrelsome, mercenary-minded sponger and cad, but simply a great artist, who suffered from insomnia and nephritis during his lifetime and from false friends after death. The Rossetti Legend has been ousted by the Rossetti Travesty in her opinion; and it is time that one of the family should replace both with the Rossetti Truth.

The blitz of "debunking" biography has spent itself; and the hands of the "rebunkers" are now piously at work. But the job of redecorating bomb-damaged reputations requires careful handling and skilled craftsmen. The worst hole in Rossetti's prestige to-day is not his possible misbehaviour as a man, a friend or a husband, but the yawning doubt whether he was genuinely a great artist at all. And Mrs. Angeli has neither the ambition nor the equipment to plug that gaping chasm: she may not even have noticed


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its existence. Æsthetic valuations, however, are awkward customers, which a reviewer is only too pleased to join with Mrs. Angeli in leaving doggo.

Whatever merit we or posterity may assign to his pictures and poems, there never was any question that Rossetti possessed the artistic temperament *in excelsis*: from the age of puberty he dedicated his life to art. The world has always taken at least as much interest in the private lives of artists as in the display of their genius; for one of the notorious by-products of the artistic temperament is the amusement it provides for onlookers at a safe distance. When a painter keeps kangaroos and wombats in his Chelsea home, when he shares one pair of trousers with his brother and another pair with Holman Hunt, when a mouse is caught eating his haddock and a raccoon munching his correspondence, the public is sure to be delighted, whatever his pictures are like. To do her justice, Mrs. Angeli not only appreciates the fun but adds her own contribution. But there is often a more serious and seamier side to a Bohemian existence. When Evelyn Waugh informs us that Rossetti quarrelled with most of his friends and haggled in a mercenary spirit over the price of his pictures, or when Violet Hunt asserts that by his selfishness and infidelity he was responsible for his wife's suicide, Mrs. Angeli is up in arms against what she regards as unwarrantable denigration.

Her attempt to inculpate Mr. Waugh is hampered by the known facts: the best she can do is to give them a different interpretation. Holman Hunt, Millais, Ruskin, William Morris, Swinburne and Burne-Jones all had quarrels of some sort with Rossetti, as Mrs. Angeli candidly admits, only she attributes the blame to them: they were either jealous, or touchy, or misguided, or plain bad-tempered. That Rossetti was too selfish to live long with in amity is the alternative possibility which she refuses to accept. The best excuses she has to offer for his hard-boiled financial transactions are that he was "loth to sell his pictures for less than they were worth," and "he happened to possess a very clear head for business." His head was certainly clearer than those of the rich businessmen to whom he sold pigs in a poke, for he induced them to buy his pictures long before they were painted. One of them actually died before he received value for his money, and the goods had to be delivered to his executors.

In *The Wife of Rossetti*, published in 1932, Miss Violet Hunt claimed that Lizzie Rossetti, before taking her overdose of laudanum, had pinned to her nightdress a suicide note with the words: "My life is so miserable I wish for no more of it." This statement, if true, would be weighty evidence against Rossetti. But is it true? When pressed for her authority, Miss Hunt gave two contradictory accounts; in the first she had seen the actual note when a girl of fourteen; in the second she had read the words in her mother's diary, where her mother had recorded them on hearing the story from Madox Brown. Miss Hunt's variations are unconvincing; and Mrs. Angeli naturally does not believe a word of either version, since Madox Brown told *her* mother that he had burnt the note himself at 4 o'clock in the morning as soon as Rossetti handed it to him, and that the words written on it were: "Take care of Harry." ("Harry" was Lizzie's half-witted brother.) As if this conflict of testimony were not sufficiently mystifying, we have Watts-Dunton snubbing his wife on the subject: "You know a lot of things and I have told you much, but about this I am never going to talk. Madox Brown and the rest of them went to their graves without telling and so shall I." What is one to make of it?

At the risk of offending Mrs. Angeli and being relegated by her to what she calls "the lower rungs of the hebdomadal press," I would say that she is quite justified in contradicting Miss Hunt in a matter of historical interest, but that the actual wording of the note is of no importance whatever as regards Rossetti's responsibility for his wife's death. He was a selfish man ("the very core of his character was self-will," says his brother) not given to feeling in the wrong, yet he blamed himself for the tragedy. Surely he must have known best. And if he could not exonerate himself, how can Mrs. Angeli?

It has been impossible to deal with this challenging book without facing the controversial questions raised by the authoress. But, whenever she discards polemics, Mrs. Angeli gives an admirably clear account of her uncle and the Pre-Raphaelite circle. Of the four women who dominated his life, she attributes more importance to his mother and Janey Morris than to Lizzie his wife and Fanny Cornforth his mistress. We shall probably not know what his real relation to Janey Morris was for many years to come, since his letters to her were deposited in 1938 in the British Museum under seal. The only two persons who have read them give conflicting accounts of their contents, according to Mrs. Angeli; and she herself only ventures the dubious verdict—"a deep-seated passion of the soul rather than of senses—or of both."

"His mother was to Gabriel the dearest thing in life." Mrs. Angeli has gone through all the family papers, and has reached this drab conclusion, to which the psychological argument also points. (Too many strange women filling the stage during a man's life often imply too much mother behind the scenes.) Yet how irrelevant is such a pat diagnosis when wrestling with the intricate problems of an artistic temperament! The truth about Rossetti we are interested in, that peers out from that brooding, haunted face, can be expressed in his own words: "The lifelong feeling of dissatisfaction which I have experienced from the disparity of aim and attainment in what I have all my life produced as best I could."

RALPH PARTRIDGE


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## CAVE PAINTING

**Lascaux:** A COMMENTARY. By ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK. *Lindsay Drummond.* 15*s.*

The flowering of palæolithic art is one of the most improbable events in history. Not long before, by the time-scale of those days, a brutal and apelike species of man had been dominant in Europe, and for the whole of an incalculable past there had been no history beyond that of a slow, tedious improvement in the shaping of stone tools. Then, some tens of thousands of years ago, and still before our continent had finally escaped the ferocities of the Ice Age, *homo sapiens* gained the ascendancy, and almost at once was able to paint, engrave and carve with extraordinary accomplishment and feeling. What is perhaps most remarkable is that this first known manifestation of the artistic impulse might already be recognised as European; a humanistic art almost, certainly something quite unlike the savage masterpieces of most primitive peoples.

It was in September 1940 that a party of boys from Montignac were rabbiting on the limestone plateau above the Vézère when their dog disappeared down a cavity that had been torn by a falling tree. Hearing muffled barks they went in pursuit. At a moment when Spitfires and bombers were at grips in the air over the Channel, these boys found themselves in the still, cold air of caves where no human beings had moved for at least fifteen thousand years, and where the world of the Stone Age hunters had survived, held in a pocket of time.

Nothing can prevent the communications of scholars, and before long rumours of the discovery were current in England; later there were articles in the press and lectures from the Abbé Breuil, doyen of palæolithic studies, but it was not until the end of last year that the official French publication appeared, a fine volume abundantly illustrated. Publication of the English rendering of this official volume has already been announced by Faber; meanwhile Mr. Brodrick has brought out his attractive *Commentary* that should serve as an aperitif before the more substantial work. The book makes pleasant reading and the photographs by Maurice Thaon are excellent.

In other French caves it is possible to wander and to admire individual paintings, but Lascaux does not allow the visitor this twentieth-century detachment; the place envelops and masters the consciousness. With huge bulls and wild cattle, deer, wild horses and bison walking, running, charging, leaping and falling over the limestone billows of wall and ceiling, even the most cautious imagination must be transported, must re-experience life in a world where everything from bare survival to social prestige depended on the successful hunting down of these beasts. The impact of Lascaux should, I think, contribute to the understanding of a problem that has always vexed the interpreters of palæolithic art—the question of motive. Were these works of art executed to satisfy an unconscious urge for æsthetic creation, or were they mere stage properties for the ritual of hunting magic? Mr. Brodrick suggests what is in effect an historical compromise: "It may well be that the first crude images of living things were drawn in obedience to some odd, insistent urge to create. It may have been later . . . that permanent representations of living creatures came to be used. So the artist may have preceded the magician, or, at least, the magician of magic pictures." I believe that all efforts to draw this distinction are misguided. When an artist paints his mistress, or indeed any other subject that excites him, no critic tries to separate his emotion towards that subject from his production of an admirable, saleable picture. Eros is complex but indivisible. Anyone who has *experienced* Lascaux can understand how the hunter-painters' desire for the beautiful animals upon which life depended has expressed itself on the cave walls, emotion and practical aim being completely fused. It is relevant to notice that while at Lascaux as elsewhere magical practices are proved by the representation of missiles striking the beasts, in no case do these seem to be part of the original composition; they have been added, presumably during the actual performance of magical rites.

Mr. Brodrick follows a dangerous tradition when he describes palæolithic art as "highly realistic." A horse by a Stone Age painter has none of the photographic realism of a horse by Sir Alfred Munnings. Their styles differ about as much as a wild steppe horse differed from the pampered darling of the stable. Rather these earliest artists could command a stylisation, a subtle caricaturing of essentials, such as was achieved by the Chinese after long application to certain traditional subjects. Some of the Lascaux animals, those that combine fine engraving with painting, seem to me to come close to the poetic feeling of a Paul Klee.

When he touches on purely archæological matters, Mr. Brodrick shows himself to be an unquestioning follower of the Abbé Breuil. This dependence appears most significantly in relation to the very difficult problem of dating Lascaux. The *Commentary* accepts the Abbé's view that most of the work there belongs to the earlier, Aurignacian, phase and not to the subsequent Magdalenian cycle that reached its highest development at Altamira.

The authors of the French publication have been more cautious—have, in fact, exposed the precariousness of all existing theories. The Abbé Breuil has done more than any other individual will ever do to spread an appreciation of palæolithic art, but the time has now come for a thorough re-examination of the whole subject. There will soon be published a new discovery, a piece of painted sculpture unique in both style and subject. It is to be hoped that this extraordinary find, together with the many problems presented by Lascaux, will excite someone to undertake the labour necessary for such a critical re-examination.

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On a September evening in 1906, as rioters swarmed through the streets of Atlanta, Georgia, a boy of thirteen crouched beside his father in the front parlour of their neat home. Through the windows, they trained their guns on the mob gathered at the end of the garden. Just as the attack began, friends fired from another building, the lynchers were diverted and the White family was saved. But Walter, the boy with blue eyes, fair hair and white skin, had learnt that there was no escape: he was a Negro. The fight of his people was his fight.

This autobiography is not only the story of his remarkable career. It is also, vicariously, the story of the Negroes in modern America. For, as a prominent official of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People almost from its inception, Walter White has had to suffer with the lynched and struggle with the lynchers, to know what segregation and discrimination mean in terms in human misery and to seek their abolition, to command an army of millions demanding equal civil rights and to make its local victories and defeats his own.

It is difficult, when you talk to this mild and cultured man, who reminds you of a genial British diplomat, to realise that in parts of the South he has been "wanted" with a price of thousands of dollars on his head. Picture him jumping on a train as it pulls out of Helena, Arkansas, where he had gone to investigate the murder of some Negro sharecroppers, just in time to escape lynching, and being told by the conductor:

> . . . you're leaving, mister, just when the fun is going to start. There's a damned yellow nigger down here passing for white and the boys are going to get him.

Undoubtedly, Mr. White's capacity to "pass" has often been an asset to him. He has been able to interview many people, from Southern Governors to members of the Ku Klux Klan, who would never have let an obvious Negro come within reach of them. He has stayed in communities such as the Tennessee town which posted the sign: "Read this, nigger, and run: If you can't read, run anyway."

Through this book runs the sordid record of injustice and brutality towards the Negroes, against which the N.A.A.C.P. has done its best to defend them. In 1927, when the terrible Mississippi flood broke over the levees, Mr. White went down to investigate reports of ill-treatment of Negro refugees.

> In place after place I found Negro refugees penned in concentration camps from which they were not permitted by National Guardsmen to emerge without the consent of their landlords . . . in many instances Negroes were being forced to pay for relief which had been supplied gratis by the Red Cross. When they were unable to pay, many of them having lost everything they owned, the "debt" was assumed by the landlord of a nearby plantation, and the Negro taken under guard to the plantation to work out his debt.

Have attitudes changed since 1927? This is Detroit in June, 1943.

> A Detroit policeman had been shot and slightly wounded by a Negro who was then killed by another police officer. We were never able to find out why the state and city police connected this shooting with the Vernor Apartments, other than that they were occupied by Negroes. Police searchlights lighted up the building as though it were a Hollywood stage setting. Then the police began riddling the building with machine guns, revolvers, rifles and deerguns. Tear gas was shot into the building to force the terrified tenants to evacuate it. . . . A police captain boarded (the streetcar) with several patrolmen to announce that a mob was lying in wait nearby and that he would take into custody the eight Negroes aboard the car and protect them. Four of the Negroes accepted the offer—and were promptly turned over to the mob to be beaten to death. The four coloured men who chose to take their chance by remaining aboard the streetcar were saved when they crouched on the floor and were covered by the skirts of sympathetic white women.

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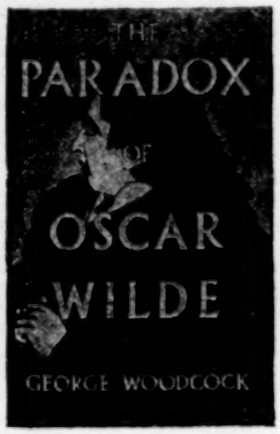


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## NEW NOVELS

**The Gesture Comes First.** By PARR COOPER. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

**Condemned to Live.** By ANGELA JEANS. *Sylvan Press.* 9s. 6d.

**Just a Song at Twilight.** By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

**The Cage.** By DAN BILLANY AND DAVID DOWIE. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

There are novels which it is impossible to imagine a man reading, but which many women can enjoy when in a mood of cosy self-indulgence. I do not mean the worst novels, the lushest day-dreams, but those which, without being anywhere near works of art, have moments of insight and acute comment on human nature and bear some relation to real life. Their detailed accounts of feminine frictions, emotional disturbances and material conditions make them, for women, like a good, intimate gossip, petty but momentarily entertaining. *The Gesture Comes First* and *Condemned to Live* belong to this category.

*The Gesture Comes First* may have disappointed me unduly because I recall an earlier novel by Miss Cooper as describing with critical detachment the life of memsahibs in India. Either *Not At Home* was less good than I remember, or the present book is inferior to it, for its tone is not detached, and there is a good deal of snobbery about women in utility dresses with screaming babies, as opposed to women in ice-blue suits with lovers. The setting is an overcrowded ship on its way to India, many of whose passengers are returning for the last time before quitting India altogether, or else are returning, dismayed and anxious, to live under the new régime. One group (the ice-blues) are old friends or acquaintances, among them Judith Gaunt and her husband, and Rupert with whom Judith had an affair while her husband was a prisoner of the Japanese. Judith had parted from Rupert in order to pursue the path of duty; and the shock of finding him on board, and that they still love each other, is severe. The hot, noisy voyage is made a torment for her by boredom with her husband, jealousy of Rupert's flirtations, the attempt to keep up appearances before observant friends, and the necessity of having to choose all over again between duty and passion. The sharpness of this situation is blurred by the author's failure to characterise Rupert—for the sort of gay, sociable soldier he is said to be, he is much too thoughtfully articulate. Dialogue is not Miss Cooper's strong point; for instance, she makes the well-poised, elderly married woman Aida talk as though she were addressing a public meeting. A sub-plot about an ill-assorted couple called Paul and Philippa is very well handled.

With *Condemned to Live* (an unsuitably sensational title) we are back in mid-war England. It is told in the first person by a young woman novelist living with a husband and two children in Somerset. Into her small house she is forced to take some relatives of her husband's who have been bombed out—a very deaf old man, a very exacting old crippled woman, their disagreeable old servant, and a dirty cat. Now this appalling set-up might be expected to mobilise all one's sympathies on behalf of the narrator, Mrs. Tyson, especially as David Tyson, who is away all day and most evenings, takes an airily cheerful view of her difficulties. But Mrs. Tyson has a self-pity and self-regard not made tolerable by candid expression: "I am incapable," she says, "of listening to explanations involving other people's relations." And again:

> I can't get on with the book I'm writing; I can't think my thoughts; I can't be spontaneous—a little mad—as I used once to be; I can't swear, or run to the bathroom naked.

This estimate of herself as a delightful, bohemian creature differs too much from the reader's impression of her as an egotist for identification of reader with heroine to take place; and where a novel is lacking in literary merit, such an identification is necessary for enjoyment.

There is no need to warn men off *Just a Song at Twilight;* I recommend it to both sexes. Mr. Lodwick has been influenced by Evelyn Waugh. He takes a very small British island in the Pacific, administered by an English magistrate who has an English assistant, a niece, a wife, and a Cochin-Chinese servant who is the wife's lover. There are also a woman missionary, a drunken, titled remittance man, and a steamer which periodically brings supplies, and whose captain does profitable smuggling to the islanders. One morning a large Russian submarine enters the harbour and takes possession, in order to excavate a valuable mineral. From then on what has been a sardonically narrated comedy with grotesque touches, becomes a thriller, still sardonic, but full of excitement and violence. Mr. Lodwick possesses something of his master's cosmopolitan omniscience: an air of being at home anywhere; of familiarity with political intrigues, geological formations, religious sects, the tricks of shady persons, the follies of the innocent, the quirks of both:

> Toumaniantz, who, in an exiguous private life, was an enthusiast for potted flowers, was examining the landlady's nasturtiums when Miss Trimbrell made her entrance. He . . . bowed stiffly in a manner which, perhaps, owed something to an early reading of *War and Peace.*

Toumaniantz is the captain of the submarine, Miss Trimbrell the missionary. The characterisation is, in a deliberately limited convention, very good.

*The Cage,* a remarkable document, is not a novel, though as I shall show it has elements of fiction. The authors were two young officers captured in Africa in June, 1942, and taken to a camp in Italy where, so the foreword tells us, "Billany, in collaboration with Dowie, wrote this book." In September, 1943, they were released, but were later missing. "The manuscript was left with a friendly Italian farmer who . . . sent it to Billany's parents."

The book falls into two portions, the first consisting of pieces of very varying length which describe conditions (bugs, hunger, overcrowding, fellow-prisoners, jailers, rumours and so on). Conversations are recorded, and sometimes the unspoken thoughts not only of the authors but of their hut-mates. This is where an element of fiction first appears. There is, intentionally, no unity of method; a good deal of the writing is almost high-spirited, sometimes facetious, but with the expected undertone of misery and boredom.

The second portion begins where they are transferred to a more northerly camp, when the authors announce that the record of the next four months will be based on a "highly personal and intimate" diary of David's, "written up" with "passages of imaginative recreation." Here enters the second element of fiction, but without damage to the strong impression made of authen-

ticity. The diary concerns an emotional relationship which has arisen between David and Alan, the latter, dog-like in his dependance, the former kind in his impatient recoil. The foreword states that whereas inquiry has established the identity of the other persons portrayed, Alan has no prototype: "He is, perhaps a symbol of distress, perhaps, in part, a self-portrait." This I doubt, for Alan is done with an objectivity almost incredible in a self-portrait by an inexperienced writer. More probably he is a disguised portrait of Dan by David, or of David by Dan; for although the diary is ostensibly David's, and although Dan occurs in it as adviser-psychoanalyst, one or two clues in the text suggest an ambiguity. This is not to imply any adverse criticism of the book, which carries complete conviction about its essential truth. The diary is well-written, honest, intelligent, deeply interesting. Either Dan or David, perhaps both, would probably have become writers had they lived.

E. B. C. JONES

## PRESS GANG

**A Russian Journal.** By JOHN STEINBECK. Photographs by ROBERT CAPA. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

One of the strangest developments of recent years is the extraordinary arrogance of American newspapermen. Most American foreign correspondents appear to believe that their professional position gives them miraculous powers through which they can discover the "truth"; being accredited to a major American newspaper or press association will, as though by the laying on of hands, give potentialities for insight and divination denied to diplomatists, linguists, professional students of the relevant political or economic developments of the countries in question, or, indeed, to any mortal not working for an American publisher. This belief is shared by most of the foreign correspondents' fellow citizens.

John Steinbeck's *Russian Journal* is an extreme illustration of this trend. Except for a certain verbal fluency, not uncommon in professional writers, Mr. Steinbeck's sole qualification for writing about Russia is that he was accredited to the *New York Herald Tribune*. He did not know a word of Russian, so that he was completely dependent on professional guides and interpreters. He had made no study of any aspect of Russian life, so that he had no standards of comparison by which he could judge whatever he did see, and no particular professional competence which could illuminate any aspect of Soviet practice. All he claims is that, as an accredited journalist, he will see and tell the "truth."

The book is remarkably empty of information or entertainment. The "truth" which this eagle eye discovered is that "the Russian people are people, and, as with other people, that they are very nice. The ones we met had a hatred of war, they wanted the same things all people want—good lives, increased comfort, security, peace." This startling insight was matched by a little Ukrainian boy called Grischa, who "ran up to his mother and cried in wonder, 'But these Americans are people just like us!'" Since Grischa is not yet accredited to an American newspaper, he did not inflate this observation into twelve feature articles and a book 220 pages long.

Besides learning that Russians are human, the reader can also learn that much of Western Russia was fought over and destroyed, that a lot of vodka and food is served at official banquets, and that travelling in the U.S.S.R. in 1947 was rather uncomfortable. To relieve such ponderous slabs of information, large portions of the book are filled with accounts of drinking with other American journalists and less enlightened foreigners, with the humorous nicknames devised by Mr. Steinbeck's ready wit to replace the outlandish Russki names of the guides, and with a play-by-play account of the domestic life of Mr. Steinbeck and Mr. Capa.

The one redeeming feature of this book is Robert Capa's photographs. There are 69 of them, adequately reproduced by lithography, and nearly every one of them repays detailed study. The ruin, the poverty, the waste of human labour, the incompetence and the great charm of Russia are well illustrated. Steinbeck's text informs us that Capa brought back more than 4,000 photographs. Had the text been completely suppressed, or at most reduced to short captions, there would have been room for another 300 or 400 photographs, and this would have made both a pleasanter and a more informative book.

GEOFFREY GORER

**Poetry (London).** Edited by TAMBIMUTTU and RICHARD MARCH. May 1949. *Editions Poetry London.* 2*s* 6*d.*

**Poetry Quarterly.** Edited by WREY GARDINER. Spring 1949. *Grey Walls Press.* 1*s* 6*d.*

Poetry, which booms in wartime, is no longer selling, the publishers tell us; a fact which makes the existence of such "little magazines" as these all the more important. Of the two, *Poetry (London)* is much the more distinguished in content. It contains, in addition to characteristic work by Mr. George Barker, Mr. Edwin Muir and Mr. Charles Madge, very good poems by Mr. Bernard Spencer and Mr. David Gascoyne, both poets whose verse we see all too rarely, and by Mr. Iain Fletcher, who writes wittily in the manner of William Empson. Even so, *Poetry (London)* does not always manage to avoid the merely silly.

There are a number of critical articles, by Mr. Nicholas Moore (on Auden), by Mr. MacNeice (on John Betjeman), by Miss Raine (on Seferis), by Miss Ridler (on John Crowe Ransom), and by Mr. G. S. Fraser (on Iain Fletcher). Good things are said, but as criticism they have one defect in common: they are not critical enough.

**Marriage Counselling.** By DAVID R. MACE. With a foreword by the RT. HON. HENRY WILLINK. *L. & A. Churchill.* 8*s.*

The marriage guidance movement was started in this country in 1938 by a small group of clergy and doctors; after hanging fire for a few years it has had an unexpected success. No one could be better equipped to write an account of its work than Dr. David Mace who was one of the founders of the movement. His greatest asset is a deep affection and respect for the human race: he really likes its ugly face even when seen at its ugliest in the throes of matrimonial conflict. Hence the almost over-meticulous care he displays in the selection and training of counsellors for what may be called the general practice of the Centres; in securing a highly skilled panel of medical and legal consultants for difficult cases; and in devising schemes for interviewing and record-keeping which will ensure efficiency and yet preserve the client's secrecy and self-respect. Sexual problems naturally loom large in the work of such Centres but the influence of character defects such as selfishness and childishness on marital happiness is found to be of major importance. The deficiencies of education revealed are startling; nearly one quarter of the couples showed a gross ignorance of sex. An interesting analysis of the first thousand cases attending at the London Centre supports Dr. Mace's claim that invaluable data for *constructive* proposals for preserving family life will emerge from the movement.

**While Shepheard's Watched.** By PENNETHORNE HUGHES. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To anyone who, as soldier or civilian, spent the war years in Egypt and took an intelligent interest in the place, Mr. Hughes's unpretentious, if sometimes facetious, book will come as a timely refresher-course. But these are not necessarily the readers he has in mind. He particularly addresses himself to the traveller whose memories are chiefly of flies, "gippy-tummy," and of walking along the Cairo streets to the sound of his own voice repeating "No," "Go away," "— off!" to bootblacks, vendors of dirty postcards and fly-whisk vendors.

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spectacle it might have appeared from the terrace of Shepheard's hotel. The truth is even worse. It is a country where, statistically speaking, every inhabitant suffers from three chronic diseases, where the expectation of life is 31 years (as against 59 in Europe) where 48 per cent. of the population have no regular employment and where the shrouds of the dead have, on occasion, been robbed to clothe the living.

All this, and much more, is in Mr. Hughes's book—though there is nothing (except possibly the statement that kebab is eaten with parsley sauce) which will come with a shock of surprise to anyone who has read at least one other book on the subject. Yet *While Shepheard's Watched* was well worth putting together. It is a reliable account of the Egyptian scene in the years immediately following Alamein, and the freshness with which it is written (not to mention the wit of Haro Hodson's illustrations) will probably secure a wider reading public than more portentious works.

**The Industrial Revolution 1760-1830.** By T. S. ASHTON. *Oxford.* 5s.

Forty years ago the Industrial Revolution would have come in for nothing but abuse; twenty years ago it was hardly allowed an existence. In Professor Ashton's admirable little book it returns to life, modest but respectable. Though Professor Ashton never formally justifies the title, he makes it plain that in his opinion the technical changes were on a scale to merit the description revolutionary; more than this he insists that the most revolutionary change was in the quantity and quality of goods produced—in other words, the industrial revolution added decisively to the national income. Now that we have seen similar revolutions in agriculture and industry carried through in a collectivist system, we are less inclined to attribute the hardships of the period to individualism; in fact, individualism, with its high sense of personal responsibility, probably tempered these hardships more than they are tempered in a system where the community is always held to be right. Better to have been an eighteenth-century cottager or handloom-weaver than a twentieth-century kulak or small trader; at least there was a chance of being allowed to live. This is a readable little book, almost too readable. Its easy pages would have been improved by some hard statistics and even graphs. The growth of population, of national wealth, and of industrial power is nowhere presented in precise form. In economic history, more than in any other, numbers are everything and facts nothing. No doubt, Professor Ashton, as an accomplished statistician, knows that figures are almost as unreliable as facts; he should have given us more figures all the same. The London School of Economics is once more to be congratulated at having directed a telling blow against the collectivist beliefs of its founders; academic liberty could not be better, nor more perversely, demonstrated.

## Week-end Competitions

No. 1,010

**Set by Janet Adam Smith**

"Scorn not the Sonnet," "Nuns Fret Not"—Wordsworth wrote his two sonnets on sonnets composed by human beings. But, says Mr. W. A. Turing, describing the capacities of the Mechanical Brain lately constructed at Manchester University, "I do not think I can even draw the line about sonnets, though the comparison is perhaps a little unfair because a sonnet written by a machine will be better appreciated by another machine." The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet on the Mechanical Sonnet. Entries by 5th July.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,007

**Set by Naomi Lewis**

Prizes are offered for a letter to the Editor of this paper on the subject of the weekly competitions, from one of the following well-known correspondents: Disgusted, Paterfamilias, Pro Bono Publico, Medical Practitioner, Wykehamist, Perplexed, Mother of Seven, Schoolmaster, Noblesse Oblige, Classical Scholar.

**Report by Naomi Lewis**

"It is a sad reflection on our times," writes Classical Scholar (Castor and Pollux), "that honour is crucified on the stakes of a Whig hebdomadary." Can it really be, as he suggests, that our competitors are motivated by nothing more than a "dilettante utilitarianism born of the twin Daemons, Kudos and Demos?" Whether or no, this cathartic competition provoked a flood of replies; that indefatigable scribe Disgusted whose views seem rather more Radical than when we saw him last, alone sending in nearly fifty entries. An oath of silence, taken by all setters on initiation, prevents me from taking up a stark challenge "to publish the *real* names of all winners, setters and judges." Would, indeed, that I knew! "True sportsmen allow others a turn at the wicket," writes Henry Walter (Disgusted), suggesting that Gentlemen be distinguished from professionals by the prefix "Mr." L. G. Udall recommends that every month a luncheon be given in Lincoln's Inn Fields to "*unsuccessful* competitors, in alphabetical order, in batches. This would give encouragement and promote spontaneous loyalty." An old lady (J. R. Till) is sometimes perplexed by the "little allegories" of the foreign correspondents. "In the next election," she concludes, "I shall vote for the Clerihews. They seem such a *moderate* party." "Privilege rampant!" cries L.E.J., a competitor who complains of having "entered 179 times and never a mention." "There is only one democratic way," he declares, "for a competition, and that is draw lots and a fair chance for all. And no *french*." A Mr. R. J. P. Hewison, writing as Noblesse Oblige, relates that after once winning a prize he decided to leave the field to others.

> Could not (he continues) this self-denying example be more widely imitated? It must be as vexing to competitors as it is monotonous for readers when, Friday after Friday, the same old names and pseudonyms appear . . . Let the Elder Statesmen impose on themselves a close season . . . This may savour of restrictive practice: at least it would mitigate the effects of a closed shop.

ALL ABOARD

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The Twenty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Company, Limited, will be held on July 12 in London. The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E.:

The net profit of your company before charging taxation amounted to £689,384, as compared with £571,391 for 1947, representing an increase of £118,000. Consolidated group profits increased by £183,000. Taxation requires £392,645 and the net profit at £296,739 compares with £126,938. In the consolidated balance sheet fixed assets and investments at £1,427,000 are 39 per cent. of the group capital and surplus, and current assets exceed current liabilities by £2,225,000.

During the whole year the keynote has been export business. In 1948 our exports reached 60 per cent. of which two-thirds went to hard currency countries, including South Africa.

The year has been one of record achievement. Output represented a new peak and there is every reason to believe that 1949 will see progressive expansion, since the value of orders in hand shows no appreciable reduction.


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After all this it is with some nervousness that (grateful for my pseudonym) I award the prizes: a guinea to Granville Garley, and fifteen shillings to the other seven printed. Honourably mentioned are L. E. J., I. Drazin, Julian Orde, E. J. Bell, Francys Heritage, Castor and Pollux, Guy Innes, L. G. Udall, Helen Kapp.

Sir,—As Secretary of ANCS (The Anonymous Newspaper Correspondents' Society) I wish to take exception to the terms of Competition No. 1007.

All the pseudonyms quoted are in almost daily use by esteemed members of my Society, who rightly feel that they have acquired a proprietary interest in them by long usage. They fear that these names (not unknown, I believe, to those who love justice and liberty) will be made objects of ridicule by facetious tarradiddlers.

I suggest, therefore, that you withdraw the offending competition and publish this letter together with a full apology.

My members consider, furthermore, that in these difficult times responsible citizens should follow the example of Mother of Seven and concern themselves more directly in the drive for greater production, and not encourage the deplorable spirit of private enterprise shown by entrants to your essentially trivial competitions. I am, Sir, Yours etc., DISGUSTED.

Hon. Sec. ANCS.
GRANVILLE GARLEY

Sir,—Your Literary Competitions are stabbing real Literature in the back. Lured by the prospect of an occasional guinea (and a certain esoteric *réclame*) numbers of gifted people fritter away time and talent week after week turning out bespoke wisecracks, spinning 150 fugitive words on this or 12 titillating lines on that. They soon get bogged in the quicksands of pastiche and parody, and are thereafter unable to reach the solid ground of original and permanent creative achievement. They sell their souls for a mess (as it were) of reportage. What might not Laing, Till, Sharpless, and other members of your intellectual closed shop have produced—what works of strange and terrible beauty—were they not condemned to Friday's cultural treadmill?

Your course is hard, but plain. Stop the Competitions. We must learn to sacrifice today's *opéra bouffe* for the sake of tomorrow's *opéra magna*.

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Lucy does the fashion competition in the sunday paper and Albert does spot the ball Mary and Margaret won five shilling for a postcard saying Crispiwave Shampoo beat all and Jim sends in bullets though Peter keeps to the crosswords my oldest boy Hector does the competition in your paper so far he hasn't won anything nor even had his name mentioned which prompts me to write this seeing as all the others had small pickings and it looks bad him being the cleverest what I mean is have you got to give the chum sign when you write in or is it first envelope opened on tuesday morning gets the kitty?

MOTHER OF SEVEN

Pa says not to send you can't trust a paper that hasn't got a racing column but fair's fair all the world over I says.

H. V. S. PAGE

Last night a young man came to my surgery suffering from strange delusions about someone he called the Competition King, whom he felt compelled to dethrone. He kept repeating the words, "Why am I always a mention?"

After a little mild hypnosis I discovered that the patient secretly identified his own father with the various adjudicators of your weekly competitions. Unconsciously he *wanted* only to be mentioned, his powerful guilt-feelings having convinced him that his sister (the Prize-Winner figure) was more deserving of his father's love.

My next patient—an old man with a white beard—had precisely the same symptoms. He will be tougher, but I am confident my treatment of both these people will either place them among the prize-winners or rid them altogether of the compulsion to compete.

I enclose a clerihew about cerebral disorders. Don't mention it. MEDICAL PRACTITIONER.

J. R. TILL

Sir,—The total of letters in the names of the winners of your last competition (32) when multiplied by the number of winners (4) less 24 (the number of names and initials of the winners plus the number of letters in the setter's names) becomes 104. The competition number was 1004. This very curious fact may, I think, interest your readers.

While writing may I express pleasure that a paper of your politics continues to encourage a principle which was taught us on the playing field, and to which I attribute the little successes I have had, the principle of competition.

I am your obedient servant,

WYKEHAMIST.
THOMAS CHITTY

Sir,—Forty years ago in the Saturday Westminster of ever-green memory we fought titanic battles in which pentameter was piled on hexameter in the struggle to reach Parnassus. We ransacked tragic armouries of old, and took the field on iambic feet. Nay, abandoning the ancient classics we had our tours-de-force in sestinas, chants royal, modern minnesongs, and villanelles of vanities. Now, in the Statesman, a monster liverish with gorging on the carcases of two older reviews, all is bitterness and burlesque. Granted we should give practice to the Petronius Arbiters of today, yet, Sir

SATIRE IS NOT ENOUGH.

Give us back the times when we drank delight of battle with—to my certain knowledge at least one camouflaged peer, far on the ringing plains of that verdant and windy Troy.

Yours unmistakeably
CLASSICAL SCHOLAR
G. K.

Dear Sir,—Life is very difficult these days, and it does not seem fair to worry you with too many queries about your weekend competitions. I do feel however that it is time I cleared my mind and got some things straight. The numbers worry me, the words at the head of the column. They're really a code aren't they? To the answers I mean. And the competitions themselves. They're big aren't they? They stretch on from Friday to Friday, and then die, and six weeks later they come up again, all answered. Six weeks—six is the number of the beast isn't it? And suppose one week there weren't any answers? It worries me sometimes.

PERPLEXED.
JOHN F. RINGROSE

Sir,—It may interest your readers to know that your weekly competition has a direct link with Dr. Johnson. One of your present competitors, then quite a young man, read some of his Latin verses to the Doctor, and asked for an opinion of their quality. "Sir," came the reply "you may speak to me of quality when you have mastered quantity." Mr. Allan M. Laing took the hint, albeit not in the sense intended, and has never since been over length.

I am, etc., CLASSICAL SCHOLAR.

FERGIE


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**PERSONAL**

HOLIDAY exchange accommodation arranged, Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk, for: country/seaside/town. Card for particulars. Mrs. Shephard, Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk.

FRENCH girl, 21, seeks post with English family—July to Oct., au pair. Willing help in house where no children. Box 532.

WANT holiday job, July 24-Sept. 21. Qualified teacher (age 26) from Berlin University. Bilingual: Eng.-Ger. Miss Irene Lange, Lawnside School, Great Malvern, Worc.

TUTOR required from autumn for 2 English children (11 & 9) in New Delhi. General subjects including Latin & Maths. Plenty of free time for private pursuits. Two-year contract. Fares paid. Box 75.

ENGLISH couple with new home, 7 acres, in British Columbia, would consider exchange for similar property in England. Mrs. P. L. Adlington, R.R.1., Victoria, B.C.

FAIRLY presentable poor young man living London wonders if anyone would offer lift S. France and/or back middle/end July. French above "vache espagnole" standard poss. advantage. Box 9740.

WOULD artist household take as P.G. (mid-July to early Sept.) woman teacher wishing learn rudiments oilpainting? Box 751.

WOULD any reader undertake to post regularly a copy of "The New Statesman & Nation" to student-patients using library of the Sanatorium Universitaire Suisse. Box 743.

CANNES. Young man offered Aug. holiday in exchange some help chores and food expenses. Box 21.

ANCIENT but reliable car required by students, cheap. 104 Devonshire Road, London, N.W.7. FINchley 3335.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd. Liverpool, 15.

**PERSONAL—continued**

DOCTOR wishing to go on holiday part August and September would like doctor and wife to look after practice and home in his absence. Hove and Brighton. Pleasant house and gdn. Salary & all found. Box 483.

FRENCH nursery mistress (25) seeks post with Eng. family July-Sept. Box 440.

ASSIGNMENTS reqd. by freelance editor/writer. Inquiries invited. Box 480.

LADY share Guildford hse. with companion, country-lover pref.; high, nr. glorious cntry., happy home right person. Box 143.

DESIGNER requires facilities for printing and steaming textiles. Odd days, short period or by arrangement. Box 161.

YOUNG professional man, 32, bored stiff by life in private hotel, seeks London home where he can live with people his own age. More the merrier. Wd. share in anything from flat to community group. Box 259.

WOULD girl (student?) like help Doctor's family holiday Cornwall, Aug.? Arrangements at interview. EALing 1072. Box 573.

OFFICE accommodation for organisations, incl. 'phone, cleaning, light, heat, etc. Own room/sharing. Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

YOUNG Swiss (18) seeks "au pair" post for summer holidays as companion or German/French coach to boys. Box 608.

ENGLISH lessons for foreigners by experienced & qualified teacher. Box 283.

YOUNG Spanish Lawyer teaches Spanish and undertakes translations. Box 9180.

ITALIAN. French tuition, conversation. Roberti. Telephone GLAdstone 2662.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Marie Heynemann, 179 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

GIPSY caravan for sale, 10 ft. × 6ft. Dorset. £50. Herring, 9 Eldon Rd. London, W.8.

**PERSONAL—continued**

MORE Amateur Actors wanted for Unity Theatre productions. Experience desirable but not essen. Write/'phone Productions Organiser, 1 Goldington St. N.W.1. Eus 5391.

FRENCH Grad., Sorbonne (Lit. & Philosophy) gives efficient lessons at your house if required. Box 9823.

EXCHANGE English for French conversation by mutual arrangement. Mrs. G., Gladstone 8491. (Cricklewood.)

RUSSIAN, German, French, professional teacher. "Ness," 8 Flat, 102 Gt. Tichfield St. W.1.

YOUNG Oxford M.A. (Greats) teaches privately Latin, Greek, Welsh & Eng. Lit., Philos. Evenings, Putney. Box 271.

LANGUAGE Learning in the Cinema. The new method. Send 2½d. stamp for pamphlet to Modern Languages Institute, 20 Buckingham St. London, W.C.2.

TRANSLS. from Russ., Serbo-Croat, Bulg., by expd. Eng. translator. Box 51.

HOLIDAYS 1 or 2 children (July, Aug.) in Nursery School (3½-7 yrs.). Delightful house and garden. Fully trained Superintendent. Consider difficult or handicapped child. Mrs. Winifred Middleton, Whitton Dene House, Hounslow, Middx.

PACKAGE Tours are not in our line but if you want a trouble-free inexpensive holiday anywhere on the continent we can help. Ask for illustrated booklet of suggestions. Allways Travel Service, 20 Buckingham St. Strand, W.C.2. Temple Bar 7508.

HAVE an unforgettable & inexpensive holiday in beautiful Corsica! Best climate in the Mediterranean. 2 weeks, incl. fare Paris-Corsica & return, full board—1st class cuisine—in camp at Calvi, for £18. Pemfrey & Partners, 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. Hol. 4846.

**PERSONAL—continued**

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

CHILDREN'S Country House Party, East Sussex, August, 3rd season. 2 vacancies 5-8 yrs. old. Ideal surroundings, own produce, Crafts, Riding & Dancing, also special week-end facilities throughout year for children 5-8. Redcliffe Nursery and Pre-prep. School, 47 Redcliffe Gdns. S.W.10.

HOUSE-party holiday: combine a good holiday at reasonable cost with the chance of meeting new and interesting people! "Join our informal house-party, sea-bathing, tennis, dancing, walks. South Devon July 30-Aug. 27, Ireland near Dublin Aug. 3-31. Also week-end party July 1-4. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

2 WEEKS' Holiday Abroad by individually arranged tours or with parties to South Tyrol, Dolomites, Italian or French Riviera from 21gns., to Spain from 33gns. Make the best of your foreign currency allowance. For leaflets and particulars apply to Shalimar Travel Agency, Ltd., 76 Shaftesbury Ave. London, W.1. GERrard 5960.

CARAVAN Holidays on Somerset Coast. For comfort in large four-berth caravans book with Carefree Caravans, Ltd. Particulars from 167 Broadhurst Gdns. London, N.W.6.

MOUNTAINEERING holidays and walking tours. Our programme contains details of inexpensive holidays of every grade of strenuousness—bar none. They vary from Climbing Courses for beginners in the Savoy to walking tours and rambling centres in every western European country. Cost from £26 17s. for two weeks. Ramblers' Assn. Services, 128 (V) West End Lane, N.W.6.

DAILY Coach Service to Nice (via Alps or Rhone Valley). Ret. fare £21 from London incl. overnight hotels in Paris and Lyons and all meals en route. Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St. London, W.1. MUS 8499 & 6463.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.*

ROYAL Navy. Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applics. invited from University Graduates & qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for officers with qualifics. in Mathematics, Science or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for officers with degrees in English, History, Geography or Economics with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Opportunities will be afforded for officers, after 2 years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approx. £328 in their 1st year's service, £347 in 2nd year, £438 in 3rd & 4th years, £474 in 5th year. Other candidates receive £237 in 1st year, £310 in 2nd & 3rd years, £347 in 4th & 5th years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority & rate of pay on entry. Accom. and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married officers if aged 25 or over receive marriage allowance of £338 p.a. if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 p.a. if they are so accommodated & £146 p.a. in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. The amount which candidates with previous naval service as officers will receive is at present under consideration. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 payable at end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Teachers who enter from contributory service under the Teachers' (Superan.) Acts will continue in contributory service, superannuation contributions being deducted from above gratuities. 4. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction & general education; officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained & appointed for full or part-time meteorological & weather forecasting duties. 5. Apply to Director (P), Education Dept., Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details & application forms.

STATISTICIANS, East African High Commission. Vacancies exist for Statisticians in the East African Statistical Department, both at Headquarters in Nairobi, and at Entebbe (Uganda) and Dar-es-Salaam (Tanganyika). Two posts are for experienced statisticians to maintain sub-offices at Entebbe and Dar-es-Salaam; and there are two special posts in Uganda, one for an experienced statistician, and one for an untrained graduate. Persons appointed will be members of the East African Statistical Department and will be liable for postng in any of the East African Territories. Candidates should be men or women possessing a First or Second Class Honours Degree in Economics and Statistics who have had practical experience of statistical work in a responsible capacity, and should be under 45 on August 31, 1949. For one of the Uganda vacancies previous statistical experience is unnecessary. Salary: At a point on the scale £550, £550, £620 × £35—£760, £830 × £35—£1,005 × £45—£1,320, according to qualifications and experience. Write for an application form, giving brief details of age and qualifications to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St. London, S.W.1, within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant Conductor at Glasgow. Duties include conducting the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra as required, building orchestral programmes, and training and conducting the B.B.C. Scottish Singers. Candidates should have both orchestral and choral conducting experience and a knowledge of music in general, while a knowledge of traditional and contemporary Scottish music would be an advantage. Starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by £40 to £890 max. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Assistant Conductor, N. Stn." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BELFAST. The Queen's University. Staff Tutorship in Adult Education. The salary scale is £550 × £50 to £800, plus F.S.S.U. Initial placing on this scale will depend on qualifications and experience. Applicants should be qualified to lecture in two of the following subjects: English Literature, History, Music, Fine Arts, Psychology, Philosophy, Economics. Applications by June 30, 1949. Particulars from G. B. Cowie, M.A., LL.B., Secretary.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from graduates in Sociology, History or Modern Greats for the following appointments in the Department of Sociology: (1) Assistant Lectureship in Psychology; (2) Assistant Lectureship in Sociology, with special reference to social & political institutions. Salary £400, rising to £500 p.a. with superannuation benefits & family allowances. Successful candidates will be required to take up their duties on Oct. 1. Applications, with names of 3 referees, should be forwarded not later than July 5 to the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Applics. invited for appointment to post of Professor of Botany. Salary on scale £1,100 × £50—£1,400 p.a., together with temporary cost of living allowance which at present is £75 in the case of a married man or a man with dependants, and £57 4s. in the case of others. A higher initial salary may be paid on the ground of special qualifics. and experience. Membership of University Teachers' Provident Fund compulsory and involves a contribution of 6% (which may shortly be raised to 7%) on the pensionable salary which is £1,000 × £50—£1,300 p.a. Further particulars and information as to method of application obtainable from Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applications is July 30.

UNIVERSITY of Rangoon. Applications are invited from persons with high academic qualifications and lecturing exp. for appointment as Professors in (i) History and Political Science, (ii) Economics, (iii) English, (iv) Geography, and (v) Biology. Burma nationals, if selected, will be on probation for two years, after which period they may be confirmed while non-Burma Nationals will be on contract for two years only and entitled to a free return passage. Salary Rs.1,000-50-1,400 (£75-£3 15s.-£105) per mensem. Applications must reach Registrar, Univ. of Rangoon by July 11.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for appointment to Lectureships (on the scale £550-£25-£900) or Assistant Lectureships (initial salary £400/£450) in one or more of the following subjects: English, Modern Languages, Economics, Physics, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, for work in Civilian Education in H.M. Forces. Successful candidates will be expected to reside within the Catterick area. The appointments include membership of the F.S.S.U. and child allowances, and will become effective from September 1, 1949, or as early as possible thereafter. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than July 11.

UNIVERSITY of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economics. Salary £450 per annum. Membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than July 5, 1949, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Dept. of Economics and Commerce. Applications invited for two Assistant Lectureships in Economics, each at initial salary of £400-£450 a year, appointments effective on October 1, 1949. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars obtainable) by July 9.

OXFORD University Institute of Statistics. Applications are invited for a junior research post in mathematical statistics. Candidates should have qualifications in mathematics & some knowledge of statistical methods with special reference to economic & social statistics. The basic salary will not be less than £400 p.a. Closing date for applications is July 23. Application forms obtainable from the Secretary, Institute of Statistics, 91 Banbury Rd. Oxford.

LINCOLN Training College. It is proposed to appoint in Sept., 1949, an additional member of staff in the Education Dept. Pref. given to candidate with qualifics. in psychology and able to lecture on Methods of Teaching in the Primary School (Infant and/or Junior School). Salary according to Pelham Scale with free board and lodging for resident lecturers. Residence optional. Applics. should be sent as soon as possible to The Principal, Training College, Lincoln.

CITY of Portsmouth Training College. Principal: Miss D. Dymond, C.B.E., M.A. Applications are invited for post of Lecturer in Physiology & Health Education for September. Forms and particulars obtainable from the Registrar, Municipal College, Portsmouth.

B.B.C. requires woman assistant in its Library in London. Applicants must hold Associateship of Library Assocn. or comparable prof. qualification. Experience in reference library work essential. Salary on scale rising by annual increments of 6s. to max. of £7 5s. 6d. p.w. Please write, stating age, education & experience, to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marking applications "Librarian, N.Stn."

SEVENOAKS D.L.P. Applications invited for post of Secretary-Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with Natl. agreement. Application forms from G. Sting, "Laneside," Landway, Kemsing, Kent, to whom they should be returned by July 15, 1949.

HEAD required for Sunshine Home for Blind Children. Applications are invited from Educationists with interest in handicapped children, experience of young children and staff, and some administrative ability. This is a pioneer post with opportunities for anyone interested in the development of individual children. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale, plus emoluments. Application form from Secretary-General, National Inst. for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St., London, W.1.

BRIGHTON doctor requires Assistant, single, preferably with own car. Salary by arrangement. Ample leisure. Box 464.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited from registered medical practitioners holding the D.P.M., who have had training in Child Psychiatry, for the whole-time post of Child Psychiatrist. Salary £1,035 p.a. by biennial increments of £50 to £1,222 10s. p.a., plus car allowance on the County Council scale. Full particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr. J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

THE Welfare Committee of the United Synagogue desire it to be known that an important post has fallen vacant in the Welfare Dept. that will appeal to young men (age about 30) with keen interest in religious, social & youth work & with organising ability & experience of administration. Salary according to qualifications—minimum £500 p.a. plus 10% cost of living bonus. Good prospects. Applications in writing to Secretary, United Synagogue, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1, marked "Personal."

LECTURER required, man or woman, preferably with a degree, for speaking in schools on the humane treatment of animals. Salary according to Burnham Scale, plus £30 p.a. Candidates must be under 35 years of age & be prepared to travel about the country. Residence in/near London desirable. Apply by letter only to R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn St. London, S.W.1, top left-hand corner of envelope to be clearly marked "Lecturer."

ELECTRICAL Wholesale Suppliers (established 1904) require full-time representative for London area. Men with established connections with contractors, municipal authorities and retailers preferred. Excellent opening for suitable applicant. Box 9711.

PERMANENT Secretary Assistant, any nationality, scientific & genl. filing, typing. Isolated tropical island till 1953. Langs., biological degree advantage. Personal distinction & charm essential. Write Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1.

HONG Kong. Headmistress and 3 Assistant Mistresses (graduates/trained teachers) reqd. for Church of England Anglo-Chinese Girls' Schls. Apply Mrs. A. J. Bennitt, Granshaw, Lindisfarne Rd. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2.

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee—Watford Victoria Secondary Modern Boys' School. Applications are invited for the post of Head Master (Group Unit VII). Forms may be obtained, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, from the Divisional Education Officer, 31 Hempstead Road, Watford.

LONDON County Council. Handicraft. Applications are invited from qualified handicraft masters (woodwork or metalwork) for appointment to the divisional staff, for duty in special schools for handicapped children. Salary—for candidates possessing the second teacher's certificate in handicraft of the City and Guilds of London Institute—Burnham (London) Scale + two increments carried beyond the maximum for service in special schools. Candidates possessing first certificate only could be considered for employment at a lower rate of pay pending completion of the requirements of the Institute for the full teacher's certificate. Application forms from the Education Officer (E.O/S.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (stamped addressed envelope necessary), returnable within two weeks of the appearance of this advert. (727)

RESIDENT housemaster or housemistress required in September for junior house of large progressive Preparatory School, North Scotland. Box 340.

ESSEX. Two Assistant Mistresses, Froebel or P.N.E.U., reqd. in Sept., children 6 to 8. Musical qualifics. an advantage. Love of children and enthusiasm essential. Day school ½-hr. from London. Burnham Scale. Box 587.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires a Matron and a Teacher. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

SHERWOOD (Progressive Community) School, Epsom (9125) requires in September: (1) Form teacher ages 10-12, pref. with Junior school exp.; (2) House-father able to teach woodwork; (3) General maintenance man or alternative combinations (2) and (3).

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Gosden House Boarding Special School (Bramley, nr. Guildford). Additional Qualified Teachers are required for this school for educationally sub-normal children, which was opened in October, 1947. (80 girls, 20 junior boys.) The post provides opportunity for initiative and individual methods. Salary Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers in Special Schools (i.e. two increments payable in addition to scale salary for service in Primary and Secondary Schools), plus allowance for extraneous duties. Application forms obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) and addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

KENT County Council. Children's Committee. Rock House, Riverhead, Nr. Sevenoaks. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Matron at this small home for boys and girls who are in need of a period of adjustment. Salary £240 a year, rising by annual increments of £12 to a maximum of £280 a year, less £78 a year in respect of board, lodging and laundry. Application forms and further particulars from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone.

CORNISH market town. Lady reqd. keep house for ret. doctor. Help with rough. Hobling, Seamen's Hosp., Greenwich, S.E.10.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Association of Girls' and Mixed Clubs requires immediately one man & one woman to work as part of a team of Programme Advisers in Youth Clubs. Experience of club work in rural areas an advantage and a specialist knowledge of one or more of the following subjects is desirable, together with an ability to demonstrate informal methods of approach. Men: Rural interests, birdwatching and nature study, social and neighbourhood studies, citizenship, crafts, music and sports. Woman: Girls' interests, home-making, dressmaking, health and hygiene, dancing, music and games. Salary £500 and travelling expenses in each case. Applicants must be willing to travel in England, Scotland and Wales, and to spend some periods of time in London for special preparations and training. Application forms from Employment Officer, N.A.G.C. & M.C., 30-32 Devonshire St. W.1.

CITY export firm wishes to train young man for a responsible position. Applicants must have good educ. Matric standard. At least basic knowledge of French & German, as much travelling will be necessary at later period. Age 17-25 years. Box 9767.

THREE Counties Mental Hospital, Arlesey, Beds. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker for work in connection with Mental Hospital and three Out-Patient Clinics. Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the N.J.C. (Hospital Staffs) with car or travelling allowance according to circumstances. Candidates must possess the Mental Health Certificate. A full-time Secretary is attached to the Social Work Department. Applications, stating age and with particulars of experience, &c., to be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

COUNTY Borough of Northampton. Children's Department. Full-time Resident Married Couple reqd. to take joint charge of a mixed children's Home having a reception side for 8 children between 2 and 12 and a general side for 12 to 14 children of same age group. Adequate staff provided. Joint salary £380 × £20 to £400 × £25 to £450, plus residential emoluments. Nursing qualifics. (for the wife), recognised training in child care or a Social Science Diploma (for either) would give preference. Applications will be considered from couples, one or both of whom will complete training in a few months. Further particulars and forms of application, which must be returned by July 4, 1949, may be obtained from C. E. Vivian Rowe, Town Clerk, Guildhall, Northampton.

LONDON County Council invites applications from women for the following resident positions: (1) Assistant Domestic Bursar (temporary appointment), Borthwick Training College (Lapsewood Hostel, Sydenham Hill, S.E.26); (2) Deputy Domestic Bursar, Avery Hill Training College (Chislehurst Hostels, Chislehurst, Kent). The successful candidates will be responsible to the Domestic Bursars of the Colleges for the domestic organisation (including catering) of the respective hostels which accommodate 35 women students (Lapsewood Hostel), and 70 women students (Chislehurst Hostels). Training and experience in institutional management is desirable. Annual salaries: (1) £225; (2) £230-£20-£290; plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry in each case. The positions are exempt from the Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Send stamped addressed envelope for application form and further details to the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 6D/130), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (725)

LONDON County Council invites applications from women who have completed a course of training at a nursery training college or who hold the certificate of the National Nursery Examination Board for engagement as resident Nursery Assistants, Class I, at its residential nursery schools. There are also vacancies for Nursery Assistants, Class II, for which experience in work with nursery school children is desirable but not essential. Salaries: Class I—£165-£5-£195; Class II—£150-£5-£165; plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry in each case. Send stamped addressed envelope for application form and further details to the Children's Officer (CH/A.2/2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

PRIV. & conf. secretary to man. director reqd. Shorthand/typing in Eng., French & German. W.1. No Saturdays. Box 291.

FRENCH/English Secretary shorthand-typist reqd. for permanent post, good prospects. 5-day week (hours 9-5.30), Staff Pension Fund; canteen services. Written applics. to Personnel Officer, May & Baker, Ltd., Dagenham, Essex. Please quote ref. No. 2895.

COPY Typists (good speed essential) for literary work. Also efficient German/English copy typist and junior copy typist. Important and interesting work. Good sal. and prospects. Tel. HOL. 5831.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

QUALIFIED Secretary, wide administrative experience, age 28, just returned after 3 years' service in China with F.A.O. and in development of small scale rural industry with Sino-American group, seeks interesting overseas or home appointment. Low salary for opportunity with progressive group. Box 548.

PERSONAL assistant, administrative, research and international secretariat exp. America and Europe, seeks post field social, political or Labour questions. Box 492.

PRIVATE Secy. (25), ex-R.N. V.A.D., with 6 years' prof. and business exp., reqs. interesting position in London. Box 722.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

QUALIFIED Psychologist—B.A. Lond. and post-graduate Clinical work, adults and children—seeks post in London. Part or full time. Box 26.

WRITER of poems, novel, plays, holder of Atlantic Award, 1947, sks. well-paid post where imagination & enthusiasm valued. Theatre/publisher/periodical. Box 423.

M.A. Oxon (27), good Hons. Degree Mod. Hist., adaptable, intel., sks. intg. job, anything consid. Previous exp. tchg., W.E.A. classes, free-lance journalism, 18 months Fleet St. office overseas news agency. Box 475.

PUBLISHER'S reader, N.S. enthusiast, 30 years' passionate devotion & critical interest in life, literature and the English novel, seeks opening. Box 450.

ABLE, intelligent, energetic young man with considerable experience in social work, publishing, commerce, seeks useful interesting post. Box 279.

POST required by capable gentlewoman to run house for business man, where son (14) can stay during school holidays. Country preferred. Box 25.

LADY with daughter 8 years old seeks post as working housekeeper. Very capable & independent worker. Doctor's household or business couple pref. Box 445.

ITALIAN student, knowledge German, Eng., some Fr. Willing work in house, or secretarial, exchange for bedroom, meals, some pocket money. Would like some afternoons, all evenings free for study. Arrives England early July. Mrs. Duveen, 6 Strathearn Place, W.2.

M.A. Edin., woman, young, teaching Maths., desires vac. post July-Aug. Change pref. but anything intg. considered. Box 498.

SCHOOL-teacher, 36, nat. Brit., seeks post 3 wks. August, accompany lady or family children, sea or abroad. Box 341.

## STUDENTSHIPS

THE Fircroft College Trust has received a grant to establish a research studentship tenable for one year to enquire into and report on residential adult education in Great Britain. Salary £300. Free board residence in college and travelling expenses. For further particulars apply to Secretary, Fircroft College, Bournville, Birmingham.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TO let, Aug.-Sept. Furn. s.c. Mayfair flat. 1 rm., kit., bath. Suit 1. REG 7683.

LARGE, sunny single bedroom, in Knightsbridge area to let. Exceptionally well furnished; hot & cold water; semi-private bath; for long or short term, 4 to 5*gns.* p.w., incl. breakfast. Kensington 4128.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. 'Phone BAY 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

RAMSHACKLE mews flat: will sub-let for year, simply furn. (for two), 45s. p.w., 6 months payable advance, from July. (Ideal for 2 art students to share.) S.W.4. Box 118.

BAYSWATER. To let: comfortable bed-sitting rooms, with/without breakfast—cooking facilities. £3 3s. wkly. Box 150.

BEDFORD Park flat, furn. redec., s.-c. Sleeps 3. West-end 25 mins. 'Phone avail. Fabian professionals prefd. 6 months' let. 4*gns.* incl. hot water. Box 755.

MUSICIAN offers to 2 young ladies sharing furn. bed-sitting room, twin divans, use kitchen, bath, lounge, garden, £1 5s. each and share light & fuel bills. Preston Rd, 13 mins. to Baker St. Box 542.

YOUNG man offers share in home at Harrow to married couple. Box 382.

FURN. cottage to let, Chiltern Hills, modern built for sunshine, 2 sitting., 3 bedrooms, large habitable studio, garage, garden, orchard, cent. htg., electricity, gas, good communications. 12 months from August 1, £6 6s. wkly. Refs. required. Box 776.

TO business man or prof. couple, 2 furn. rooms with board, modern house. Richards, Threecornered Stanley, Amersham.

RURAL Kent. 1 mile S. of Wrotham Station. 400ft up, facing S. Charming convenient house, 3 bed, living room and studio, verandahs, garage, 1¼ acres orchard. £4,350 freehold. Box 168.

TO let, mid-Aug./mid.-Sept.: Hill Farm House, Bures, Suffolk. Modernised house, lovely situation, garden produce. Coast 18 miles. Rent by arrangement. Apply owner.

PEACEFUL, inexpensive holiday on stationary yacht facing Pembroke Castle. S./contained furn. flat. Double & single cabin. Sitting/dining room. Kitchen/calor gas. Ideal for family. Emergency bed in deck-house. Easy access lovely coast, countryside. Bkg. now. Enq. Yacht "Atlast," The Quay, Pembroke.

A MID the beauties of Wales: to let, fully furn., Elizabethan house. Dining, drawing, 5 bed, 2 bathrooms, usual offices, elec. light, water, tel., 12*gns.* p.w. Apply M. Nickson, Llan-y-Cefn, Overton, Wrexham.

AUTHOR and wife offer comfortable, informal home S. Cornish coast to someone needing peace to work. Box 9702.

TO let, Aug. 2-23: comf. cottage, sleep 3, 2 rec., bathroom, elec. ckr., gdn. Lovely N. Bucks village. 4*gns.* Box 115.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

CLACTON-on-Sea. On sea front, 10 min. centre town, furnished detached cottage to let on long lease. Large rec., five bed., kit., bath. Store room garage, all mod. con. Standing in large, well-stocked garden. Fruit trees, fruit pen. Mod. rent to careful tenant fond of gardening. Good refs. essential. Possession end July. Would sell furnished £3,500 or offer. Box 266.

TEMPORARY or permanent accommodation for P.Gs. offered in picturesque manor house on coast of Cardigan Bay. Farm produce, excellent golf and other attractions, particularly suitable retired Service or professional men or women. Reduced terms for long stay. Enquire Box 386.

TO let: Flat in Rome with cook-housekeeper. Central. Aug. 6 mths. Box 139.

SPANISH Manor House in seaside village. Bus Malaga 6 m. Gib. 70. Shady garden and patio. Period furniture. 5 suites of 2 rooms and bath, library, fives court, car, servants. Board by arrangement. 25*gns.* weekly. Lady Young, Sonning, Berks.

OXFORD. Univ. family wishes exch. hse. for accom. seaside/country Aug. Box 544.

YOUNG Civil Servant about to marry urgently needs unfurnished accom. Please write Davison, 149 Holland Rd. W.14.

AN ex-R.A.F. type will exchange slightly tarnished D.F.C. for small flat £160 p.a. maximum. No key money. Will look at anything, anywhere. Box 158.

WANTED, unfurn. flat, 2 or 3 rooms, kit., bathrm., in a quiet house anywhere in London or 10 mls. radius. Ex-serviceman, wife, daughter 7. Wd. pay max. £150 p.a. incl. Willing give 3 mths. rent in advance. Box L., 70 Highgate High St., London, N.6.

YOUNG couple awaiting marriage need s.c. unfurnished flat up to £150 inc. approx. 'Phone Turner, Wordsworth 4224.

BUSINESS woman urgently requires unfurnished 2- or 3-roomed flat. Willing to buy fittings if rent reasonable. Box 297.

PROBATION Officer urgently seeks unfurn. flat, London, 2-4 rooms. Box 59.

WANTED by Psychiatric Social Worker, unfurn. flat, London. Self only. Box 218.

SMALL flat reqd. by young man, pref. Hampstead area. Moderate rent. Box 194.

A ROOM of One's Own—or more precisely, a home. Young lady seeks accom., furn. or otherwise, with kit. Privacy & premium-freedom essen. No gas rings. Box 550.

YOUNG man, 26, sks. London accommodation where other people, preferably students, of own age. Box 381.

NEWLY-WED social workers seek unfurnished flat Middx., pref. Ealing/Harrow, July. Box 77.

## WHERE TO STAY

SWITZERLAND: holidays. 3,000ft. high guest house. Excellent cuisine, personal attention. £6 weekly. Write brochure "Le Cerisier," Caux sur Montreux.

N. CORNWALL. Vacs. July and Sept. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72

SUSSEX. Woodstock Guest House, Charlton, Nr. Chichester. Good food, lovely country, ideal walking centre. 4½-5*gns.* p.w.

SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmos. Children welcome. H. & c. all rooms. Efficient cent. htg. Licensed. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. Frensham 362.

LONDON, 124 Sutherland Ave. Maida Vale. Bed, breakfast, dinner (12s. 6d. daily incl.), h. & c., gas fires, all rms. Tennis. Reduced terms perm. residents. Tel. CUN. 2554.

A CHILL Island (West of Ireland): sea, mountains, lakes, strands, cliffs; road bridge to mainland; on main bus route. The Amethyst Hotel, Keel (Miss Blackham) can still offer a few reservations for the coming season. 18s. 6d. per day. Phone Keel 4.

SOMERSET. Unspoilt village. Own prod. Bkfst. in bed. 4-4½*gns.* S.a.e. Box 9794.

VENEZ passer vos vacances à Golden Acres, Anglo-French Country Club. H. & c., c.h. in all bedrooms. Tennis, golf, swimming, fishing. Cuisine et vins français. French proprietor. 'Phone Elstead, Surrey, 3146.

BOURNEMOUTH'S Loveliest! Hotel Miramar, East Overcliff, offers you every comfort and modern facility combined with a charm of atmosphere quite unique. Resident Proprietors. 'Phone 1081.

WORTHING. Small exclusive Hotel in ideal position. Every comfort. Avenue Lodge Hotel, 1 Grand Avenue, Worthing. Tel. 349.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon, modern, comfortable, good food. Excellent centre, main line, nr. station. Tel. Kingham 209.

BRIGHTON. Argyle Mansions Hotel, on sea front between piers. Exc. beds, fitted basins, H. & C., gas fires. First-class cuisine Fully licensed and snack bar. Terms from 25s per day Write Manageress for Brochure

HIGHLAND shore of Firth of Clyde: handsome hotel, first-rate Scots food, h. & c. in rooms, ins. springs, central htg., 3 acres. Centre for tours, sailing, walks, boating, car available. 5½-6½*gns.* p.w. Halfway House, Bullwood, Innellan, Argyll (Innellan 338).

## WHERE TO STAY—continued

DEVONEDGE Hotel, Charmouth, Dorset. 5 mins. sea. Glorious country. H. & C., gas fires. Recommended for excellent food, comfort & service. 6-7½*gns.* wkly. Tel. 96.

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at the Queensbury Hotel, Regency Square (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board at moderate prices. Write or 'phone Brighton 3558.

ISLE of Wight Guest House by the sea, 23 acres. (5 reserved for nudism.) H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, safe sea bathing, fresh water pool. Vacancies for ladies and families. Brochure (stamp), Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

IF you appreciate good food, comfort and lovely scenery, come to Crowhurst Park Hotel, Battle, Sussex. Riding, tennis, television. From 7*gns.* Tel. Battle 369.

CARLYON Bay, St. Austell, S. Cornwall. Cliff Head Hotel. "Signpost" 1949 refers to us as "This most hospitable hotel," and concludes "Full marks for Cliff Head." Overlooks the lovely Bay. Nearby are golf, squash, badminton, tennis, bathing, sea fishing. A private cinema. Club licence. Tel.: Par 125.

LEE Bay Hotel, Lee, Devon. Situated in a beautiful and secluded valley by the sea. Rooms available. Apply John Hamilton, Proprietor.

AIX-les-Bains: Hotel de Paris. Until October. Comfortable, moderate. Everything included. 3 minutes from Etablissement Thermal. Relieve your rheumatism.

N. WALES, the ideal holiday country. Beautiful country house, easy reach fine beach, exc. centre for mtn. tours in Snowdonia; all comf., 1st-class cuisine. Six gns. all incl., spec. terms for families. Mount Hazel, Llandwrog, nr. Caernarvon, N. Wales.

THATCHED cottage. Hol. guests. Buses Cambridge 6 m. Haines, Eversden, Cambs.

PEAK District, Derbys. Holiday accom. Exc. walking centre. 5 mins. stn. H. & C. Gdn. Mrs. Rowbottom, The Warren, Edale.

SHAKESPEARE Festival, 1949, Stratford-on-Avon. First-class accom. offered in private guest house at Leamington Spa. 20 mins. drive from Stratford. 'Phone 2143. 28 Lillington Road. Mrs. H. Newman.

PYRENEES: few guests received in beautifully situated country house near Pau. Write: Mdlle Dannatt, Chateau de Balagué, Rébénacq, Basses-Pyrénées, France.

FOLKESTONE 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augusta Gardens. 'Phone 2952.

CORKBEG Hotel, Whitegate, Co. Cork, Eire. An ideal holiday hotel. Children welcome. Extensive woods and grounds. Private beach, sailing, fishing, tennis, etc. Home produce. Write now for brochure.

CORNWALL: Wyndhurst Hotel, Wadebridge, Tel. 225. Table licence. Ideal centre between glorious North Cornwall coast and numerous bathing beaches. Situated on main A39 road. Own nursery produce.

DEVON. Ayshford House, Sampford Peverell. Quiet comf. country holiday. Max. 4 guests. £5 wkly. Long stay from 4*gns.* Also s.-c. cottage annexe, 2 rooms, furn., 3*gns.* wkly.

CHILTERNS. Restful holiday with country walks, comf. accom., sunny rooms, farm prod., const. hot water, 5*gns.* "Holmbury," Bledlow, Bucks. Princes Risborough 449.

S. FRANCE overlooking Monte Carlo, nr. golf crse. Guests welcomed at country villa. Bentley, La Scoperta, La Turbie, A.M.

LONDON, Broadway House Hotel, 132 Gloucester Place, N.W.1, close to Marylebone Stn. Write or 'phone (Paddington 1451) for accommodation, bed and breakfast (other meals if reqd.), hot and cold all rooms.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque, comf. hse. in wooded grounds, close Pont-y-Pant stn., but in unique position above colourful mountain valley. Fine walking for mountain-lovers. Special continental cooking. Terms 6-6½*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Dolwyddelen, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

MARKLY—Georgian country house hotel. 80 acres glorious parkland. Excellent food, Dunlopillo mattresses, central heating, fires. 14 miles from Eastbourne. Guests limited 20. Illus. brochure: Proprietor, Markly, Rushlake Green, Nr. Heathfield, Sussex. Tel. R.G. 270.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H & c. in all rooms. Tel.: Bude 147

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Tel. Sharpthorne 17.

LAKES Charming old mansion, magnificent view, modern conveniences. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

## MISCELLANEOUS

FOR Managing Directors—Intercom. with Master Station, links every executive and department instantly. Improves control; saves pounds of time at rental of few shillings weekly. Write for Booklet: Modern Telephones (G.B.), Ltd. (Dept. N.S.5c), 139, Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.C.1. (EUSton 3994/5.

## MISCELLANEOUS—continued

BOOK-binding in cloth and leather. Individual high-class work only. Box 220.

READERS' Union has a few vacancies for members to receive unusually interesting, well-bound books at 4s. each though priced up to 21s. elsewhere. Ask for details: Readers Union (C.R.), Letchworth, Herts.

CONFERENCE Centre, Whitwell Hall, Nr. Norwich. Large rooms; 40 acres grounds. 4 minutes station. Capacity 32. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

PRESENT-Day Strain. Particulars regarding Training in Relaxation combined with rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings within easy reach London, can be had from Secretary, Langley Rise, King's Langley.

ISOBEL Jay, Ltd., 98 Western Rd. Hove, supply Houseworkers (any grades) from home or abroad. Free explanatory leaflet.

PIANISTS—Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists), Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk. "Finger Magic" (2½d. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 60 New Oxford St. W.C.1.

EYESIGHT. Those interested in the Bates Method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club for people of all nationalities, all ages. Club Centres near Piccadilly Circus. Language groups, foreign tours, lectures, discussions, music circle, weekend parties, rambles, sports, dancing, table tennis, etc. Subn. £2 2s. (Students £1 11s. 6d.). Apply 51 Chancery Lane. W.C.2 (offices only). HOL. 5088.

OLD-Fashioned Patchwork Quilts, hand-quilted bedspreads & Paisley shawls, as well as new "candlewick" bedspreads, can be found at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

ACADEMIC robes. R. Buttress & Co., Ltd., 14-15 St. John's St. Cambridge, are anxious to purchase second-hand Cambridge University gowns and hoods.

NEW cars keep newer if upholstery is protected by loose covers. Write or 'phone the specialists: Car-Coverall, Dept. K. 168 Regent St. London, W.1. REGent 7124.

TIDMANS Sea Salt baths every day keep you fit.

## SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Progressive co-educational school, 5 to 18 years. High academic standards.

CHARLESTON coaching school for children requiring individual assistance. Interviews September. Write Secretary, 207 Gloucester Place, N.W.1.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

THE Dell School, Woking. Opening September, 1949. A sound education on Montessori principles in happy home surroundings for a limited number of boarders and day children from 3 to 9 years. Principal: Miss E. Goodall (Montessori Diploma).

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad, R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boards. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal. RAV. 3272.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.: boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel. Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

SIZEWELL Hall, Suffolk. Preparatory school for boys and girls, 7-14, amongst pinewoods on the coast of the 2,000-acre Sizewell Estate. Private beach, 60-acre boating lake, tennis and squash courts. High standard of Health and Diet. Prospectus. Leiston 199.

## READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Books: politics, poetry, literary, cheap; "New Yorkers," 1947-8, complete, 42s.; Caravan, 1949, 4-berth de luxe, £325; Austin 10/4, 1937 cabriolet, £250; Perfect beaver lamb jigger coat, £40, offers, exchanges. Bechstein upright, No. 56213, perfect condition, owned by musician, London, 130grs.

WANTED: S.M.C. Guides; "Goebbel's Experiment," by Sington-Weidenfeld; Quine's "Mathematical Logic."

*Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.*

## ENTERTAINMENTS

OPEN Air, Reg. Pk. Wel. 2060. Evs. 7.30; Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30. "The Comedy of Errors" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

STRATFORD-on-Avon, 1949 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30, Mats. Weds., Sats., 2.30. All seats bookable through Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd., or write Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. "The Mollusc," Mems.

UNITY Theatre. Weds. to Suns. 7.30. "Ragged Trousered Philanthropists." Assoc. mem. 2s. 6d. EUS 5391.

TWENTIETH Century. Park 9582. Com. June 30, 7.15. "Cain" by Lord Byron.

MERCURY. Park 5700. Evgs., 8. Sat. 3 & 8. "Ballet at Eight."

PLAYERS' Theatre (Tem. 1149). For one week only. Mon., June 20, till Sun., June 26 (incl.) at 8. "From This Day Forward," by Kenlis Taylour. Also "Late Joys." Mems.

A YIV Jewish Theatre Group present English Version of "It's Hard to be a Jew," at Toynbee Hall Theatre, Commercial St. E.1. June 27-30, at 7.30 p.m. June 29 also at 2.30 p.m. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from J.N.F. Youth Dept. 65, Southampton Row, W.C.1 (MUS 6111), or at Theatre on night of performance. Special performance June 30 to Children's Camp Fund of Hashomer Hatzair. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 3s. 6d., from 155 High Holborn, W.C.1 (HOL 3785), or at Theatre on night of performance.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Sun., June 26. at 7.30. "All This and Heaven Too" (A).

SADLER'S Wells Ter 1672. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. Evs. at 7. Mat. Sats. 2.30. Progr. available at Box Office (post 1d.).

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Chinese & modern poetry read by Arthur Waley & Alison Grant Robinson. Piano solos by Kyla Greenbaum. 8.15 p.m. July 1. Cowdray Hall, Henrietta Place, W.1. Adm. free to members, non-members 5s. Enquiries: Director I.C.A., 6 Fitzroy St. W.1. MUS. 5145.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Sat., July 23, to Sat., Sept. 17. Nightly (Sundays excepted), at 7.30. Prospectus now on Sale (send 6d. postal order). Tickets for the First and Last Concerts have been allocated by ballot in accordance with previous Press announcements. Single tickets, numbered and reserved, 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d. Unnumbered Orchestra 3s. available, by postal application only, from Monday, June 27, till Friday, July 8, from Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7, and usual Agents. Thereafter normal booking arrangements. Season Tickets: Promenade (Arena or Gallery), Whole Series 37s. 6d., Half Series 21s. Obtainable from Monday, June 27, by postal application only, from Royal Albert Hall. Postal applications should give alternative dates and prices and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the appropriate Booking Office and not to the British Broadcasting Corporation.

VICTORIA Kingsley. Songs with guitar, Wigmore Hall, Wed. next, at 7. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL 2141) & Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St. W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. Dance at St. Saviour's Hall, Walton Place, S.W.3 (back of Harrods), on Saturday, June 25, at 7.30 p.m. Spot prizes. Tickets 3s. 6d., at door. Club details from All Nations Social Club, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL 5088.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 230 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Sat., 25th, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Buffet.

BRITISH Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Tuesday, June 28, 7.30 p.m. Evening of Czech Folk Art, Adm. free. Visitors welcome.

W.M.A. Garden Party—the event of the summer; June 25, at 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. Recitals by Macnaghten Quartet; Christine Svendsen, soprano; A. L. Lloyd, folk-songs; Bruce Dargavel, Bass-Baritone; Jack Lindsay's dramatic poem, "Cry of Greece." Variety of side-shows, stalls, etc. Open 2.30 p.m. Admission 6d. Dancing at 8 p.m. 2s. 6d.

## EXHIBITIONS

MASTERPIECES from Munich, an Arts Council Exhib., The National Gallery. Till Aug. 7. Wk-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d., children 9d.

ART Treasures from Vienna, an Arts Council Exhib., The Tate Gallery. Open till Aug. 5. Wkdays. 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d., children 9d.

ANTHOLOGY: Loan Exhibition from private collections; Corot, Manet, Cezanne, Monet, Renoir, etc., 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. Chinese Historic Beauties. Paintings by Diana Kan. 9-6 daily (inc. Sats.), until July 2. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131/134 New Bond St. W.1. XIX Century French Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

JOHN Craxton: Work from 1947 to 1949. Also 1st one-man exhibition by Vivien Roth. Until July 30. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. London Gallery, 23 Brook St. W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W.1. "Between Monet and Bonnard" & Paintings by William Townsend.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles at Turnstile Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Works by Blake, Palmer, Rodin, Picasso, Moore and others, on show 10-5.

CONTEMPORARY Lithographs on show at Turnstile Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile. Wadsworth, Hitchens, Grant and others. From £1. Frames to order.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St. W.C.2. Masks & Head-dresses of Nigeria. June 21 to July 16. 10-1 & 2-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

1949 Exhibition of Dutch & Flemish Masters. Slatter Gallery, 30 Old Bond St. W.1. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

THE Victorian Romantics: Exhib. Leicester Galls. Leicester Sq. Lst. week.

GARDEN Furniture for lawns and loggias on show at Heal's Mansard Gallery, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St. Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Lithographs and Bronzes by Pablo Picasso. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

LIBERTY'S of Regent Street—demonstration of Hand-Block Printing on Silk. Daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (Saturdays to 12.30 p.m.) until Sept. 30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St. MAY. 3720. The Crucifixion & recent pntgs. by Francis Rose; & works by Edouard Goerg.

LONDON Streets and Corners—paintings by Ernest Amor, and Circus Scenes—paintings by Enid Chawvin. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St. W.1. Massimo Campigli: Paintings—Drawings—Lithographs. First exhibition in England. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

KINGLY Gallery, 1 Kingly St. W.1, 2nd Exhib. Paintings of the Caribbean, Sheila Myer. June 13-July 4. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PAUL Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St. W.8. Exhib. of Paintings and Drawings by Jack Wright and John Elwyn. June 29-July 23.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St. W.1. Colonial Month. Pntgs. by Kofi Antubam (Gold Coast) & Denis Williams (Brit. Guiana). Ancient African & Oceanic Works of Art.

ENGLISH & Continental Glass. International Exhibition of useful & decorative glass at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

DUNOYER de Segonzac: Géorgiques. Marlborough, 17 Old Bond St. Daily 10-5.30.

VISIT the Colonial Exhibition, 1949, at the Central Office of Information Exhibition Hall, Oxford St. (opp. Marble Arch Pavilion), June 21-July 31. 10-9, Sun. 2-9. Adm. free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Prose of Pushkin: 150th anniversary lecture by David Magarshack. Tues., June 28, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 2s. (mems. 1s.). Also Pushkin exhib. newly arrived from U.S.S.R., daily 5-6 p.m., June 22-30 (except 25 & 26). Group visits by arrangement. S.C.R. Writers' Group, 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. WES. 1571.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mon., June 27, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St. W.C.2. "The State of the Theatre," by John Allen. Adm. 1s. 6d. non-mems. C.L.F.S.

KENSINGTON Communist Party, 54 Gordon Place, Kensington Church St. W.8, comm. Mon. June 27, 8 p.m. Lect.-Discussions on Dialectical Materialism. All welc.

NIETZSCHE Society. Special commemorative lecture, Fri., July 1, 7 p.m., University Coll., Gower St. Prof. Wilson Knight: "My Discovery of Nietzsche." Adm. free.

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Free public lecture at 8 p.m., Thursday, June 30. "The Search for Truth." Speaker: Lord Dowding.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl. S.W.1, July 2, 6 p.m. Dr. S. Rundle M.A. Ph.D.: "Die Entwicklung der Deutschen Sprache."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. June 26: Special Meeting—U.L.T. Day.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtgs., 11 a.m. June 26, S. K. Ratcliffe: "The Passing of Empire."

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2, at 11 o'clock. June 26, H. J. Blackham: "Practical Ethics."

THE Theistic Church. The Religion for All Mankind. The Message for "The Critical Thinker." Service Sunday, June 26, at 11 a.m., Preacher Rev. J. C. G. Burton, M.A., at 1 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Please Note Change of Address: Commencing with Service, Sunday, July 3 at 11 a.m., Preacher Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, B.A., 18 Great Marlborough St. W.1 (3 minutes Oxford Circus Tube).

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda, at Kingsway Hall, at 7.30 p.m. Thurs., June 30, "Methods of Concentration and Meditation." Fri., July 1, "The Path of Reasoning in Religion." Meetings begin with meditation. All welcome.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Mr. Wolf Mankowitz on "T. S. Eliot." Mon., June 27, at 33 Seymour Place, W.1, at 8.15 p.m. Visitors 1s. Information from Secy., 29 Lancaster Grove, N.W.3.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ASHRIDGE. Course 31, July 18-25. Life in England. (In association with the Overseas Education League of Canada.) British Constitution, G. Kitson Clark; Parliamentary System, Michael Stewart, M.P.; Local Government, D. J. Osborne; Civil Service, Dame Evelyn Sharp; Police Force, Sir Harold Scott; Law, Sir Donald Somervell; Defence, Maj. Gen. H. Redman; Britain for the Visitor, Lord Hacking; English Country Life, S. P. B. Mais; English Mind and English Dress, James Laver; The English—Are They Human?, Prof. G. J. Renier. Inclusive fee: £7. Applications to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3191.

SURREY College of Music (Southern Music Training Centre, Ltd.). Pres.: Sir Arnold Bax. Grant-aided Courses for Teachers of Music. (1) One-year Supplementary Course which follows the normal two-year Training College Course. Serving teachers may also take this course as a deferred "third year." (2) One-year Special Course for Qualified Musicians desirous of teaching music in schools. (3) 3 or 4 years' Course for young men and women intending to train as music teachers under Local Educ. Authorities' Scholarships, Exhibitions, etc. (4) 2 or 3 years' Course under Further Education & Training Scheme for Ex-Service Students and others. Special announcement: For benefit of candidates for all recognised Diploma Exams., the College is arranging Mock Examinations in which students will be examined under exam. conditions by well-known experts in all sections of the chosen exam. Critical notes and verbal advice a feature of this scheme. Full Curriculum of Spec. Studies in every branch of music also available for private students. Partics. of above training schemes may be had on applic. to: Secy., Surrey College of Music, "Fitznells," Ewell, Surrey.

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## SUMMER SCHOOLS

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## SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

"ART and Its Function." Progressive League Summer Conference at Frensham Heights School, Farnham, Surrey, from August 20-27. Lectures will deal with three main divisions, the visual arts, literature and music, in relation to the general theme. Sessions of music and poetry will be held daily. Recreations: Tennis, swimming, rambling, sun-bathing, country-dancing. Fees: Members 5gns., Non-members 5½gns. Apply, with £1 deposit, to A. C. Rankin, 43 West Park, S.E.9. Tel.: ELT. 1761.

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